



No. 129.—VOL. X.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The revival of "Madame Sans-Gêne" caused some of us no little disappointment. We have been admiring in "Ma Cousine" the wonderful art of Madame Réjane, and finding, in her broad humour, a restraint that increased its value enormously. In "Madame Sans-Gêne" one has to deplore a performance, by the same actress, cruelly marred and disfigured by foolish exaggeration. Madame La Maréchale Lefebvre is a remarkably clever, shrewd woman; yet Madame Réjane makes her as clumsy and stupid in the scene as if she were an idiot, and indulges in antics the apparent object of which is to exhibit the well-turned legs to which we were generously introduced in "Ma Cousine." It is pitiable that such a brilliant actress should descend to catchpenny clowning of this character.

The acting of the Napoleon is disappointing. M. Duquesne, in adopting an imperious word-of-command style of utterance in the part, becomes as unintelligible as an officer at a review; his facial play is

effects of gauze and electric light, which, though they suggested too much the transformation-scene of a pantomime, could not fail to please every eye. The vocal music, as in former cases, is too loud, and not sung with the skill that one would have expected.

It is somewhat exasperating to keep on saying that Miss Ada Rehan played a small part so splendidly as to make one regret that it was not large. We know that she can play the large, and want to see her in them. Nor am I sure that her Helena shows her at her best. Not only was her comic fear of Hermia exaggerated, but in several passages there appeared the not unnatural tendency to strive overmuch to give importance to the relatively unimportant, which resulted in slowness of speech that took away some of the charm produced by her beautiful voice in lovely verse. Miss Maxine Elliot, though still she shows, at times, a defective ear for rhythm, made a fascinating Hermia, and seems destined for important work. Miss Sybil Carlisle was very pleasant as Oberon, even if she had not quite the skill which Mr. Otho Stuart showed.

Mr. James Lewis and his comrades seemed to me less in merit than



THE SHAHZADA AT THE ALHAMBRA.

good, and that is all one can say. M. Candé, as the successful soldier of fortune, really is clever.

Shakspeare and the musical-glasses is an old phrase. It has been left to Mr. Daly to give us Shakspeare and a panorama. I am glad to say that some of the audience showed unequivocal signs of disapproval of the moving pictures. Certainly, if Shakspeare is to be treated as a powder, and covered with so much jam, in order to make him go down, it would be better to leave him in peace. People would read and love "A Midsummer Night's Dream," even if it should never be played again. I do not protest against generosity in the way of mounting, but it ought to be seen that the treatment of ornament in true Gothic architecture supplies the rule. In the pure Gothic, ornament is found by the ornamental treatment of essential parts, and not by adding useless members merely to please the eye. Let the dresses be lovely and the scenes beautiful; yet let panoramas, interpolated songs and dances—to make room for which much of the text is sacrificed—be eschewed. No doubt the setting, in many respects, was very pretty; that the fairy-scenes had the dainty bustle and life which were given to them by Mr. Benson and his stage-manager—Mr. Moss, I believe—at the Globe, I do not suggest. Nevertheless, some charming pictures were presented, and some wonderful

Mr. Weir and the others in the Benson company, and the reason was that they tried to be funny themselves instead of letting their parts seem funny. One wishes to believe that Bottom and his company are in grim earnest, and not to have a performance which, though undoubtedly amusing, is a mere burlesque. The tone caught in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," from which Mr. Lewis apparently borrowed a piece of comic business, is the true tone, and the laughter of the many at Daly's was bought at price of sorrow of the few. Certainly Mr. Daly deserves thanks for his handsome, interesting production, yet gratitude takes truest form in pointing out what seem errors that may be avoided, and, being avoided, would allow the presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be delightful.

The Empire entertained the Shah, and on Saturday the Alhambra extended its hospitality to the Shahzada, so the two temples of Leicester Square are quits now. The entire dress-circle was converted into a spacious pavilion, decorated in red and gold, and adorned with palms and flowers, there being an ante-room at the back furnished after the Oriental manner. The aerial ballet naturally fetched the Afghan Prince, who is keenly interested in the mechanical; and Kara, the juggler, made a deep impression on him.

MONOCLE.

AT A MORNING REHEARSAL.

Probably very many men and women exist to whom the theatre in its morning aspect is absolutely unknown. To such people the disillusion must be very startling. In order to break the shock gently, let me ask the reader to come—in imagination—to a morning rehearsal at the Empire Theatre. The house is dark and dull. All the seats are shrouded in brown holland coverings; the only light is from a T-piece in the orchestra. In one corner of the stage stands the stage-manager, George Capel, unenthusiastic as is his wont. Let us obtain his permission and take a look round the stage itself.

In one corner the *première danseuse* is practising all sorts and conditions of difficult steps, and not far off Vincenti is doing the same. The monotony of this work, which must be kept up for a certain time every day, is obvious, but neither seems to mind the exertion. If the one or the other neglected this morning work, performance in the evening would be well-nigh impossible. There are several people on the stage now, all doing different things, without attending to the concerns of their neighbours. The cumbersome properties of the ballet are put into the smallest possible space, and every available corner is utilised.

A moment later, we meet Mr. Slater hurrying round to see Mr. Capel about the precise hour at which some artist is to appear in the evening. "Be here at three o'clock," he says, "because we shall be trying some new turns, and are giving some foreigners a show." Such an invitation is worth accepting, and we adjourn to lunch at one of those comfortable little foreign restaurants in Soho, which set a good example in splendid cooking and moderate prices to most of their more aristocratic rivals.

The appearance of the house in the afternoon is as it was in the morning, but the orchestra is full and lighted. Some of the Directors are present, as are one or two specimens of the genus "agent." Mr. Bing, who conducts during the greater part of the evening, is giving instructions to his men. We have not been in the house many minutes before the band plays the opening bars of a song, and a lady comes from the wings. She is the great Miss Blank, but does not look it. Quietly dressed, and without any of that vivacity which distinguishes her at night, she sings a couple of songs, and makes one or two suggestions for a slight variation in the orchestral setting. Having disposed this matter to her complete satisfaction, she disappears as quietly as she came. In all probability she will appear to night in a costume more noticeable for quality than quantity, and will sing and act and dance until the house becomes frantic with enthusiasm. She is now succeeded by a comedian (?), who sings a stereotyped music-hall ditty with no particular point and less expression. He is followed by the celebrated Miss Asterisk, of Australian and American reputation, who will, if engaged, be a star among stars.

The band plays a lively tune, and on comes Miss Asterisk, a lady of mature years, not cursed so much with beauty as with pride. She sing to an empty house? She rehearse in the ordinary manner? My good Sirs, impossible! She is Miss Adelaide Asterisk, and don't you forget it! She just beats time to the accompaniment, and criticises the conductor. Her dance is played, but Miss Asterisk is not doing any. Why on earth anybody should come to rehearsal to show such contempt for the whole proceedings is difficult to say, but the lady is, perhaps, confident that her reputation has preceded her. Unfortunately, this is not so, and a London engagement, so far as concerns the Empire, is off. Now come one or two other turns on approval, and the orchestra goes through the overture which will form the selection during the evening. One or two people pass, or pause for a chat, the music comes to an end, the rehearsal is over.

Now the attendants are beginning to uncover the seats, to take the coverings from bars and carpets. A glance at my watch reveals the fact that it is past five o'clock. In another two hours nearly all the people engaged for the evening will be in the house, the electric lights will banish the darkness, the old glamour of Stageland will reassert itself.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE

Sole Lessee and Manager.

FEDORA.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

MR. TREE, MRS. TREE, MRS. BANCROFT.

The PRESENT SEASON will TERMINATE on SATURDAY NEXT, JULY 20.

Box-Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET.

TERRY'S.—Sole Proprietor, Edward Terry; Lessee and Manager, HENRY DANA. THE PASSPORT. By B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley. Every evening at 9. Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. George Giddens, &c. At 8.15 A WOMAN'S NO. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 3.

DALY'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, 8.15.—MISS ADA REHAN and AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY in Shakspeare's Comedy, "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." MISS REHAN as HELENA, Mr. Lewis as Bottom. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, July 20.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 10.5, GRAND NEW BALLET, FAUST. VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.

Open daily from 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.

Admission 1s. (or by Season Ticket, 10s. 6d.).

10 ACRES OF ROOFED BUILDINGS,

Filled with a variety of interesting exhibits, providing unlimited amusement in the most inclement weather, and combined with 12 acres of Beautiful Gardens, create

AN UNEQUALLED PLEASURE RESORT.

FOUR BANDS OF MUSIC

Play throughout the day and evening.

THE GREAT WHEEL RUNNING DAILY.

MAIN ENTRANCE WARWICK ROAD, S.W.

The Lists of Applications for Shares open on July 15, and close on or before Wednesday July 17, for Town, and Thursday July 18, at noon, for Country Applications.

THE MIDDLE BLACK REEF GOLD MINES, Ltd.,
WITWATERSRANDT, TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL - - - £150,000,

In 150,000 Shares of £1 each.

ISSUE of 100,000 SHARES, of which the proceeds of 40,000 will be available for the provision of Working Capital. Payable 2s. 6d. on application, 5s. on allotment, 2s. 6d. one month after allotment, and the balance by calls of 5s. each at intervals of not less than two months; the balance of 50,000 to be allotted to the Vendors as fully paid in part payment of the purchase consideration, being the largest number allowed in order to comply with the rules of the Stock Exchange for obtaining official quotation.

DIRECTORS.

SIR LESLIE FALKNER, Bart., Director United Rhodesia Gold-fields (Limited).
JAMES DALISON ALEXANDER, Esq., Director African Banking Corporation (Limited).
WILLIAM GEORGE BAKER, Esq., Chairman Natal Bank (Limited), Natal, S. Africa.
WILLIAM MACLACHLAN, Esq., Chairman Nigel Extension (Limited).
MAJOR-GENERAL E. H. STEWARD, C.M.G., Director Heidelberg Gold Mines Company (Limited).
WILLIAM JEAFFRESON WOODS, Esq., Director Taylor's Matabele Gold-fields (Limited).

BANKERS.

MESSRS. BROWN, JANSON, and Co., 32, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.
THE AFRICAN BANKING CORPORATION, Limited, 43 to 45, Threadneedle Street, London, and South Africa.
THE NATAL BANK, Limited, 156, Leadenhall Street, London, and South Africa.

BROKERS.

London: MESSRS. BOURKE, SANDYS, and Co., 7, Austinfriars, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Manchester: MESSRS. PIXTON and COPPOCK, 12, Half Moon Street, and Stock Exchange.
Bradford, Yorks: MESSRS. MIDDLETON and FRASER, 206, Swan Arcade, and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS.

MESSRS. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP, and Co., Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.
MESSRS. BELL and MULLINS, Johannesburg, South Africa.
AUDITORS.—MESSRS. GRIBBON and HOLROYD, 5 and 6, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.
SECRETARY and Offices.—MR. THOS. H. BRIMFIELD, 65, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire, through W. G. Baker, Esq. (one of the Directors above-mentioned, the former owner thereof), the Middle Black Reef Gold Mines, and to further develop and work the auriferous ground formerly owned by the Howick and Rockley Gold Mining Company, Limited, and situated in the famous Witwatersrandt Gold Mining District, Transvaal, South Africa.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY.—The Property is freehold, subject to the usual dues under the Transvaal Laws, and is known as No. 610, being a portion of the Middle Vlei Farm, lying West of Johannesburg, in the Transvaal Republic.

It comprises an area of about 342 morgen, or about 684 English acres, and the Black Reef, which runs through this property, contains auriferous formation which has been prospected and proved on the property to be of great extent and of exceptional value.

Twenty-nine claims have been selected and reserved by this Company for its own working, besides which, a large number of mining claims have been pegged out on the Company's property, which, under Clause 48 of the Transvaal Mining Laws, will be a good source of revenue to the Company. Thus a considerable annual income should be realised to the Company, in addition to its mining profits.

REEFS.—It will be seen by the Geological Maps of the Rand that the famous Black Reef runs through this property; it outcrops at various places on the Company's claims, and has been proved to a very large extent, and consists of a dark-grained conglomerate. It was originally thought that the Black Reef was not generally worth crushing in the Mill, but ample evidence of its richness has been furnished by the operations of the Mining Properties located upon it, and which have been successfully worked by several Companies, such as the "Orion," the "Black Reef," the "Meyer and Leeb," the "Midas," and others, most of whose Shares stand at a substantial premium. The Black Reef series of reef runs from East of the Orion through the Midas, and the claims of this Company and the dip of the Rand formation being South gives the likelihood of other Reefs being discovered as the sinking continues. Since the introduction of Cyanide, the treatment of the refractory portion of the lode has been rendered profitable, and the early difficulties have been removed. Last year the Orion Company paid 105 per cent. to its Shareholders. The underlay of this Reef in these claims is particularly rich, as will be seen by the reports of Mr. Boucher, which accompanies the prospectus.

TIMBER.—Plantations of timber suitable for mining purposes are on the property, and some thousands of trees have been planted in the vicinity of the mines and on the farm, the property of the Company, under the instructions of Mr. W. G. Baker, with a view of the property providing its own timber. It is anticipated that within the next two years it will be of sufficient growth to enable the Company to use it for mining purposes.

WORK DONE.—Considerable work has already been accomplished.

With ample working capital at the Company's disposal, it is proposed to erect another battery of 20 heavy stamps in addition to the battery already on the property, which the Directors are advised is not capable of crushing the anticipated output, and the Directors will consult competent authorities as to the erection of concentrating plant for the treatment of the valuable tailings and concentrates now on the property and those that will hereafter be saved.

CONSIDERATION.—The Consideration to be paid to the Vendor for the property and the rights belonging to it, including the 10-stamp battery, machinery, &c., and also including all expenses (exclusive of Government fees and brokerage) up to the date of the first Allotment of the Shares of the Company, has been fixed by the Vendor, who is the promoter of the Company, at £110,000, payable as to £60,000 in cash, and £50,000 in fully paid-up shares or cash, being the largest amount allowed under the rules of the London Stock Exchange.

For Contracts see full Prospectus.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the Company's offices, bankers, or brokers.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY, Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare 10s.

WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

WORTHING.—Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria every

Week-day 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton, Week-days, 18s. 6d., Sundays, 13s.

Every Saturday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 11s.

WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Tuesday. Fares, 14s., 9s. 6d., 7s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.

EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 10.5 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10.10 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.30 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day.

Special Day Return Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Friday or Saturday to Monday.

EVERY SUNDAY, Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only. For fares, &c., see handbills.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap Fast Trains

from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m.

Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d. Returning by any Train same day only.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the

charming scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus, near the Madeleine.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
		A.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.
Victoria	dep.	10 0	8 50	Paris	dep.	10 0	9 0
London Bridge	...	10 0	9 0	London Bridge	arr.	7 0	7 40
Paris	arr.	6 55	8 0	Victoria	arr.	7 0	7 50

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d.

Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.

Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour. Returning at 5.20 p.m.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.—Via Newhaven

and Ouistreham. The only direct Route.

THREE PASSENGER SERVICES WEEKLY.

From London every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

From Caen every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Fares—Single: First, 35s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s.

Return: One Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s. Two Months, 38s.; 32s.; 20s.

FOR full particulars see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes, and

Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."

—LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

LONDON TO KILLARNEY IN 16 HOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Carrig Lake for Glenmar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

Lord Brougham, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says: "At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole route, and when the Southern Irish Company have completed their new hotels and their additions to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

Tickets are also issued to Killybegs, Loughbeg, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.

For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to

Kingsbridge, Dublin. R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

The principal Seaside and Health Resorts of Ireland are situated on this Company's System.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside Resort in the United Kingdom, and is within a few miles by rail of

LOUGH ERNE (THE IRISH LAKES), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun.

ROSTREVEN.—Balmy and restorative climate.

WARRENTPOINT, MALAHIDE, HOWTH, exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT THE VALLEY OF THE BOYNE, and view the ruins of Mellifont Abbey, Monasterboice, and Newgrange Tumuli, THE PYRAMIDS OF EUROPE.

Cheap Tickets and Circular Tours.

Write for Illustrated Guide.

THOS. ROBERTSON, General Manager.

AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, SPECIAL TICKETS.

First return, 42s. Second, 31s.

SCHIEVENINGEN (HOLLAND)—THE CONTINENTAL BRIGHTON, via HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND (Sundays included). Guide-book (free) and full particulars on application to the Manager, Hotel Kurhaus, Schieveningen, Holland.

THE HARWICH-HOOK route is the quickest to Holland and cheapest to Germany.

ANTWERP, via HARWICH, for Brussels, The Ardenne, Switzerland, &c., every week-day.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining-car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s s.s., Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Co.'s American Bazaar, 2, Cookspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

THE "DIRECT" ROUTE

TO EAST COAST WATERING PLACES.

ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE, JULY, 1895.

WEEK-DAYS.		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cross)	dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 15	10 25	10 35	11 45
Sheringham	arr.	10 11	1 0	2 28
Cromer (Beach)	...	10 20	1 10	2 35
Skegness	...	9 29	11 21	1 15
Ilkley	...	10 17	12 38	...	2 8	...	3 38	...	5 47	...
Harrogate	...	10 23	1 0	...	2 22	...	3 33	...	4 20	...
Scarborough	...	11 20	2 55	...	3 45	4 50	6 3
Whitby	...	12 9	4 25	...	4 25	5 59	...
Filey	...	11 38	3 11	3 35	A	A	4 48	6 21
Bridlington	...	11 20	1 54	3 0	3 20	4 3	5 52
Salisbury	...	12 21	4 5	5 30	8 7

WEEK-DAYS.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross)	dep.	12 30	12 40	1 30	2 20	2 30	3 0	3 20	4 15	5 45
Sheringham	4 52	7 9
Cromer (Beach)	5 0	7 15	C
Skegness	...	4 13	+	7 25	9 40	a.m.
Ilkley	6 3	8 57	8 48
Harrogate	6 17	8 29	...	12 0	5 50
Scarborough	6 55	7 10	7 50	...	9 40	...	11 45	5 35
Whitby	8 49	...	10 19	6 20
Filey	8 37	...	10 2	6 42
Bridlington	6 44	...	9 14	7 18
Salisbury	8 58	...	10 57	...	6 48

† Through carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these Trains.

A From July 13 to Sept. 21 inclusive.

B On Saturdays due Salisbury 6.22 p.m.

C On Sunday mornings arrives Harrogate 8.5, Filey 8.54, Bridlington 8.16, and Salisbury 8.6.

Illustrated tourist guides and farmhouse and country lodging lists can be had on application at Great Northern stations and receiving offices, or to the superintendent of the line, King's Cross station.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND,

embracing the Best parts of the Land of Burns,

Home and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, the FORTH

BRIDGE, &c., on the Direct Line of Route.

TRAIN SERVICE FROM JULY 1.

LONDON (St. Pancras)		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Carlisle	dep.	5 15	5 15	10 30	10 35	2 10	9 15	9 20
Ayr	arr.	1 5	1 5	5 0	5 45	8 55	4A5	4 35
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	4 50	7 45	...	11 34	...	8 0
Greenock	3 55	7 35	...	11 25	...	7 30
Oban	4 30	8 15	...	12 18	...	8 22
Fort William	4 45	...	12B20	...
EDINBURGH (Wav.)	...	3 55	8 23	...	6A30	...
Perth	...	5 37	10 30	...	8 16	...
Dundee	...	6 10	10 47	...	8 50	...
Aberdeen	...	8 40	12 45	...	11 0	...
Inverness	6B10	...	2 40	...
Stranraer (For Belfast)	5 30	8 7

A—During September, passengers will reach Carlisle at 4.10, and Edinburgh at 6.45 a.m.

B—No connection to this Station on Sundays by this train.

*FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES

are now running between London (St. Pancras) and Glasgow (St. Enoch) in each direction, ON BOTH MORNING AND AFTERNOON EXPRESSES, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m. and 2.10 p.m., and Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. TABLE D'HÔTE, TEA, and other refreshments served en route.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

A THROUGH EXPRESS IS RUN BETWEEN LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and GREENOCK, conveying Tourists from London and all parts of the Midland Railway System, for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

SPECIAL DAYLIGHT SERVICE TO ROTHESAY, via GREENOCK (PRINCE'S PIER).

A Daylight Service throughout to the Highlands and Watering Places on the Firth of Clyde will be given during July and August, from London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Greenock at 8.15 p.m., in time to join the G. & S. W. Railway Co.'s Steamer reaching Rothesay at 9.30 p.m.

LUNCHEON, DINING, AND SLEEPING SALOON CARS by some of the Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

FAMILY SALOONS, INVALID CARRIAGES, ENGAGED COMPARTMENTS, &c., arranged on application.

Time Tables, Illustrated Guides, Programmes, &c., giving full information as to Fares, Circular

Tours, &c., may be had on application at the Company's Stations and Agencies.

Derby, July 1895. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

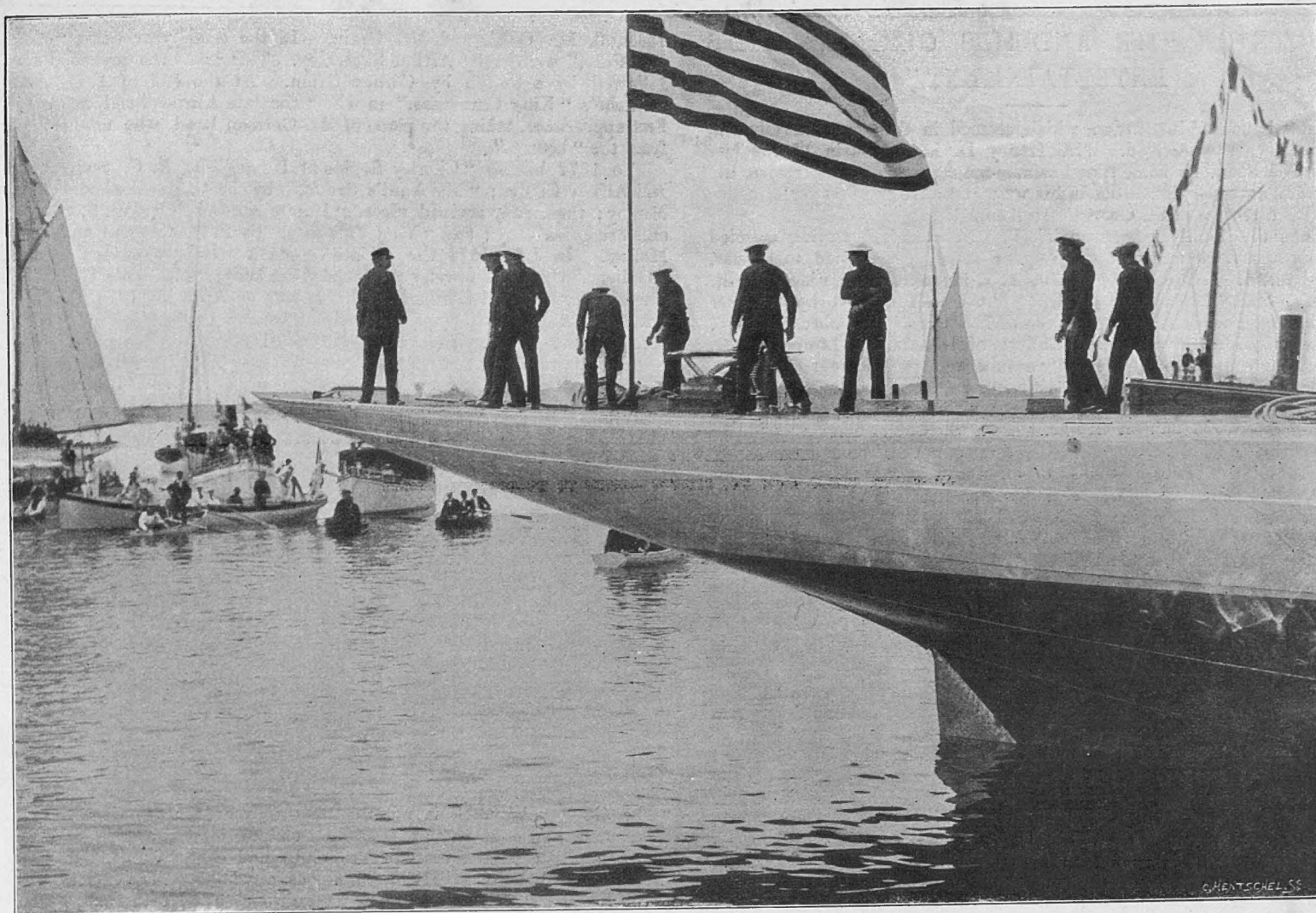
Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.

Derby, July 1895.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE AMERICAN YACHT "DEFENDER" (DESIGNED BY HERRESHOFF), JUNE 29.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. D. BURTON.



THE ITALIAN FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH: THE ADMIRALTY BANQUET TO THE OFFICERS OF THE SQUADRON IN A MARQUEE IN THE QUADRANGLE OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

A NOTE ON "MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT."

This time-honoured institution, which seemed in danger of dissolution, has happily been revived. Mr. Henry D. Reed, cousin of the late Mr. Alfred Reed, for some time business-manager of the enterprise, has triumphed over the difficulties in his way, and gave the first performance under his direction at St. George's Hall on Monday.

When the highly popular Miss Priscilla Horton, having married Mr. German Reed and left the regular stage, determined to appear, single-handed, before the public, she made a beginning at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, in 1855. At that time, I believe, her husband acted only as the accompanist of her songs. In February, 1856, the clever pair removed to the Gallery of Illustration, Lower Regent Street, where Mrs. Reed offered "a new and popular entertainment, consisting of musical and characteristic illustrations, introducing a variety of amusing and interesting scenes from real life, with English, French, and Italian songs." This went on till 1860, when Mr. John Parry joined forces with the Reeds, contributing his famous musical monologues.

In 1867-8 there was a species of off-season at "St. George's Opera House," Langham Place, where, under Mr. Reed's management, there were presented "Puss in Petticoats," an operetta, with music by Offenbach; "The Contrabandista," by F. C. Burnand and Arthur Sullivan; and "Ching-Chou-Hi," an Offenbachian extravaganza, which had already been popular at the "Gallery." Everybody knows that "The Contrabandista" (which originally engaged the services of Lucy Franklein, Arabella Smyth, Shaw, and Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook) formed, lately, the basis of "The Chieftain," at the Savoy. In February, 1868, "Puss in Petticoats" was withdrawn, and in its stead was played "The Ambassadors" of Auber, with Miss Smyth, the Aynsley Cooks, and, in addition, Madame Liebhart, Wilford Morgan, Charles Lyall, and Madame d'Este Finlayson.

This interlude lasted till the end of March, 1868, when Mr. and Mrs. German Reed announced yet another "new entertainment" at the "Gallery," with the assistance of John Parry and Annie Sinclair. Their first production was "Our Quiet Château," the book by Robert Reece, the music by Virginia Gabriel. In July, they submitted "Inquire Within," a piece by Mr. Burnand, for which Mr. Reed wrote the music, and in which Mrs. and Mr. Reed sustained respectively three and four separate characters. This was the last quasi-dramatic work in which Parry ever appeared. In December, his place was taken by Frank Matthews. On the same occasion, the Reeds brought out an adaptation from the French—"The Last of the Paladins," music by Offenbach, words by Reece.

March 1869 was notable for the first entry on the scene of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, then only on the threshold of his career as a writer for the stage. His contribution was "No Cards," in which Mr. Arthur Cecil made his début in the "Entertainment," his Mr. Churchmouse being a particularly diverting creation. Mr. German Reed played Ellis Dee, and his wife was also in the cast. The piece was performed more than a hundred and thirty times. It was associated with a revival of "Cox and Box," with Mr. Reed as Cox and Mr. Cecil as Box. In November Mr. Gilbert's pen was again utilised, the result being "Ages Ago," a "musical legend," for which Frederick Clay provided the music. In this, Miss Fanny Holland made her first bow to the German Reeds' public—rather more than a quarter of a century ago. Mr. and Mrs. Reed and Mr. Cecil were also in the cast. That a leading notion in "Ages Ago" was afterwards introduced by Mr. Gilbert into "Ruddigore" is matter of common knowledge.

Early in 1870, "Ages Ago" had for its companion in the daily programme at the "Gallery" an adaptation by Mr. Burnand of "Les Deux Aveugles"—"Beggar My Neighbour: a Blind Man's Bouffe." This was interpreted by German Reed and Arthur Cecil. Meanwhile, the Reeds had been successful in finding a successor to John Parry, and, on May 16, Mr. Corney Grain, then a slim young man, submitted his first musical sketch at the "Gallery"—"The School Feast."

June of this year was notable for the production by the Reeds of a third piece by Mr. Gilbert—"Our Island Home," which has more than one point of interest for the present-day playgoer. It was a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, and Mr. Cecil, all appeared in their own persons. They were passengers on board the Hot Cross Bun, and so enamoured of Mr. Gilbert's "Ages Ago," that they insisted on performing it daily, much to the disgust of the rest of the passengers, by whom, at last, they were landed upon a desolate island. There, in due course, they were confronted by Mr. Corney Grain, in the guise of Captain Byng, a buccaneer, whose nurse had, in his infancy, apprenticed him, by mistake, to a pirate, instead of to a pilot. Here, of course, we have the germ of much that is most comical in "The Pirates of Penzance." Ultimately, Captain Byng proves to be the long-lost son of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and all is well.

In July 1870 "Our Island Home" was preceded in the daily "bill" by an abbreviated version of "Ages Ago," and was revived again, after the recess, on Dec. 19. This date is memorable, because Corney Grain, who was announced to contribute a sketch called "Baden-Baden," broke down at the outset, and had to ask permission to substitute a previous effort.

With January 1871 came yet another piece by Mr. Gilbert—"A Sensational Novel in Three Volumes," in which the melodramatic fiction of the day was elaborately and divertingly satirised. The music was by Mr. Reed, who also figured in the play with his wife, Miss

Holland, Mr. Cecil, and Mr. Grain. In the same year came "Near Relations," written by Arthur Sketchley. This was both preceded and followed by a sketch by Corney Grain. At the end of 1871 came Planché's "King Christmas," in which the late Alfred Reed made his first appearance, taking the place of Mr. German Reed, who now retired from the "boards."

To 1872 belong "Charity Begins at Home," by B. C. Stephenson and Alfred Cellier; "My Aunt's Secret," by F. C. Burnand and J. L. Molloy; the newly revived piece, "Happy Arcadia," by W. S. Gilbert and Frederick Clay; and "Very Catching," by F. C. Burnand and J. L. Molloy. In July 1873 the "Entertainment" bade good-bye to the "Gallery," the latest novelty produced there being "Mildred's Well," by Messrs. Burnand and German Reed. It was on April 20, 1874, that the "Entertainment" took up its abode definitely in St. George's Hall, where it has remained (save for provincial touring) ever since. The opening pieces were both revivals—"Ages Ago" and "Charity Begins at Home," and on this occasion Miss Leonora Braham and Mr. Arthur Law appeared for the first time with the German Reeds.

Lack of space forbids my carrying the narrative much farther. In December 1874, Mr. Alfred Bishop joined the company, having a part in "The Three Tenants" (by Gilbert & Beckett and German Reed). At the same time, Miss Fanny Holland rejoined the troupe, to which she has ever since been attached. In 1875, Mr. Gilbert wrote for the Reeds his "Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing," founded upon that story by Hans Andersen which was also the basis of the Haymarket "Once Upon a Time." In December 1876, "Our Doll's House," by Mr. Yardley and Mr. Cotsford Dick, was brought out, and in the following year the management of the "Entertainment" was vested in Mr. Alfred Reed and Mr. Grain. Two years later, Mrs. German Reed retired altogether from public life, handing over the enterprise wholly to the "new generation." W. D. A.

A YEAR'S GOLF.*

"The Golfing Annual" is noteworthy this year for some interesting accounts of new courses, as well as for a chapter upon the links at Pau. There is the expected directory to clubs and competitions, but these rather concern individuals than golfers, as a whole. Very entertaining is the Rev. T. D. Miller's sketch of the golf course at North Inch, Perth, a "fine old crusted" ground, offering every variety of soil, and tempting the "puller" or the "slicer" by the apparent lack of hazards. This is only apparent, as Mr. Miller assures us. There are holes at North Inch that call for a display of the very finest golfing art; and, when it is made known that the ease or difficulty of the "peninsula" hole depends upon the state of the river and the tide, the Southerner may realise the "sporting" nature of the course. Pau, on the other hand, is an admittedly easy ground, though there are more hazards than a casual inspection reveals. The writer in the "Golfing Annual" is vigorous in his defence of the climate of Pau, and of the brilliant weather that he has enjoyed there during many seasons. Some people, he admits, find the place relaxing, but he cites the case of elderly persons who have managed two rounds a day from the beginning of November until the end of April, and asks triumphantly what can be the matter with a climate which permits such a display of vigour and of zeal. The great charm of Pau would appear to be that high winds are unknown from the middle of January until the end of the season. Golf has been taken up there with a fine enthusiasm, and many who have come to score have remained to pay the penalties of contempt.

Another course to which ample justice has been done by Mr. Duncan is the one at Northwood, near Rickmansworth. This is commonly spoken of as the "Doctors' Links," so many medical men finding in it a haven from their prescriptions. There are few prettier links near London than Northwood. Though only a nine-hole course, it abounds in bunkers, and poor is the chance of that man who "pulls" or "slices." A good pavilion is a late addition to the attractions, rural and otherwise, which the place affords; and it is not surprising to hear that the society is in a very flourishing condition. The same may be said for the fine club at Neasden, with its eighteen-hole course, and its magnificent gardens and grounds by the Welsh Harp. This is, perhaps, the most complete golf-club in the kingdom; but London is becoming rich in links, and Mr. Duncan is careful to give a list of them, so that beginners in doubt must turn readily to his volume. He has exercised the same care when dealing with country clubs, and has drawn up a record which is both accurate and praiseworthy. To this he adds some personal sketches of an opportune nature, and the portraits of champions, and particularly of Lady Margaret Scott, who held that position in 1894. The picture of Mr. John Ball, junior, of Liverpool, is admirable; and if the same may not be said for the pen-and-ink sketches of Sandwich, it is at least possible to get an idea of the course from them. It should be suggested to the editor that some really good photos of famous links would not be amiss in his next year's volume. M. P.

SHE: "You're just like all the rest of the men. Here we've been married only a year, and you never kiss me unless I ask you to."

HE: "Huh! You're just like all the rest of the women. You never think to ask me to kiss you unless you want money."

* "The Golfing Annual." Edited by David S. Duncan. (London: Horace Cox, the Field Office, Bream's Buildings, E.C.)



"BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

SMALL TALK.

As at present arranged, the Queen is to leave Windsor for Osborne on Friday next, and her Majesty will stay in the Isle of Wight until the third week in August, her present intention being to arrive at Balmoral for the autumn on Aug. 24.

By special order of the Queen, the Windsor uniform has been worn, both by members of the royal family and by the Household in Waiting, at the numerous functions which have recently taken place at Windsor Castle. This curious attire, which was invented by George III., is very ugly and exceedingly unbecoming. The Windsor is quite different from the ordinary Household uniform, but it is somewhat like the full-dress of a Privy Councillor, for which it is often mistaken.

Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton leaves his residence at Windsor Castle next week for Devonshire Lodge, East Cowes, where he will reside while the Queen is at Osborne. Lord Edward will be very busy during the next fortnight, as he has charge of all the special arrangements in connection with the visit of the German Emperor, and has the management of the dinner-parties which the Queen is to give in the Indian Room at Osborne in honour of his Majesty. When the Queen goes to Scotland, Lord Edward will be able to take a well-merited holiday, as the Master of the Household is not required at Balmoral.

The dinner which the Queen gave last week to the Archduke and Archduchess Charles of Austria took place in the Grand Dining-Room, at the north-east corner of the Castle, the windows of which apartment command a magnificent view. The room was decorated in cream and gold just before the Jubilee celebration. The dinner-table was covered with magnificent gold plate, and the famous gold service which was formed by George IV. was used on the occasion; and some Steinberg Cabinet, a present to the Queen from the present Emperor of Germany's grandfather, was produced for the Archduke, who is very fond of Rhine wines.

The second State Ball was very fully attended, and was, indeed, one of the largest of these functions that has ever been given at Buckingham Palace. The floral decorations were profuse, and most beautiful on the staircase and in all the rooms, while the banks of flowers in the supper-room were specially admired. The royalties did not go out to supper until past twelve, and they remained absent for about three-quarters of an hour, and then dancing was resumed until half-past two. The supper-room was arranged with a huge buffet running round three sides, the centre table being reserved for the royalties and the Corps Diplomatique. There was the usual magnificent display of gold plate from Windsor, both on the tables and on the walls. The supper was cold, with the exception of the soup, and there was a wonderful show of fruit from Frogmore, particularly of peaches and nectarines. More than two thousand invitations were issued for the ball, and the drawing-rooms were all open to the company, and also the Promenade Gallery, in which many people stopped to look at Leighton's famous picture of the Florentine Procession.

Princess Christian is to stay with the Queen during the first three weeks of Princess Beatrice's absence in Germany, after which Princess Louise is to become her Majesty's companion.

The Prince of Wales goes to Homburg about Aug. 17, after his visit to Cowes, for a stay of three weeks, and will afterwards be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg at Reinhardsbrunn, in the Thuringian Forest, where there is some of the best shooting in Europe. The Thuringian stags are far finer beasts than the Scotch red-deer, and the royal forests usually afford a bag of over one hundred stags in the course of the season.

The Duchess of Teck, who, with her usual *bonhomie*—if one may apply the word to a lady—had consented to review the Firemen on Clapham Common the other afternoon, had, I hear, a little piece of experience of their real work on her way to the scene of the interesting reunion. Just before the time of the review, a rather serious fire broke out close to Brixton Station, and some of the engines which would otherwise have been figuring on the Common found themselves called into real instead of mimic action. I am told that the Duchess's coachman, who was not very familiar with the wilds of South London, met with and followed one of the engines on its way to the fire, and it was not till they actually arrived in the Brixton Road that he discovered his mistake. However, the delay was not great, as the distance to the Common from the scene of the disaster is only a few minutes' drive. I dare say the Duchess had no objection to see how our gallant firemen handled their engines in an emergency. The scene on the Common was, I understand, a brilliant success.

How great or how little may be the acquaintance with Shakspeare possessed by the Shahzada and his dusky suite—who occupied three boxes at Daly's, on the first performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—I have no means of knowing. Neither can I say whether the constant chatter of the Afghan theatre-goers was a discussion as to the relative merits of Shakspeare and Bacon as claimants to the authorship of the play. But I do know that the said chatter decidedly annoyed some of the audience; and no wonder, for it rippled on continuously.

despite various hushings, and remarks were even passed from box to box. His Highness did not appear to derive much satisfaction from the entertainment—perhaps he was disappointed that the "incomparable Ada Rehan" (as some critics are fond of calling her) did not give us an American version of Titania—and I believe he only smiled once. This belated expression of amusement was not caused, as one might suppose, by the somewhat unconvincing efforts of Mr. James Lewis and his colleagues to reproduce the earnest fun of Bottom and his comrades (the Americans seem to imagine that the Weaver was burlesquing), but by the entrance on the scene of a particularly pantomime-looking elf. I fear the Orientals hardly enjoyed their evening—it was a Midsummer Night with a vengeance in temperature—and I confess that the production did not give me half the satisfaction that I obtained from that of Mr. Oscar Barrett at the Crystal Palace some years ago.

One noteworthy American visitor to London this season has received very little attention. This is Mrs. Custer, widow of General Custer, who was massacred, with his whole command, by Sitting Bull's Indians. Mrs. Custer accompanied her husband all through the Civil War, and in a considerable part of his Indian campaigns. Five members of the Custer family perished in his last fight. All were scalped, except the General himself and one of his officers who had a glass eye. The Indians were afraid to scalp a man who gazed at them after death. Custer they respected for his bravery, so gallant a man being, in their opinion, entitled to meet them in the happy hunting-grounds of the next world. It is the Indian belief that a man who is scalped is denied this privilege.

Familiar to me for more than twenty years past has been the name of Professor Kikuchi, the learned Japanese mathematician, who has just published a monograph on the late Professor Cayley in a Japanese scientific monthly. Mr. Kikuchi, who has, during his Professorship at the Tokio Science College, written a work on "Plane Geometry," was educated at University College School, Gower Street, where Leonard Huxley and Dr. W. J. Collins, L.C.C., were pupils at about the same time.

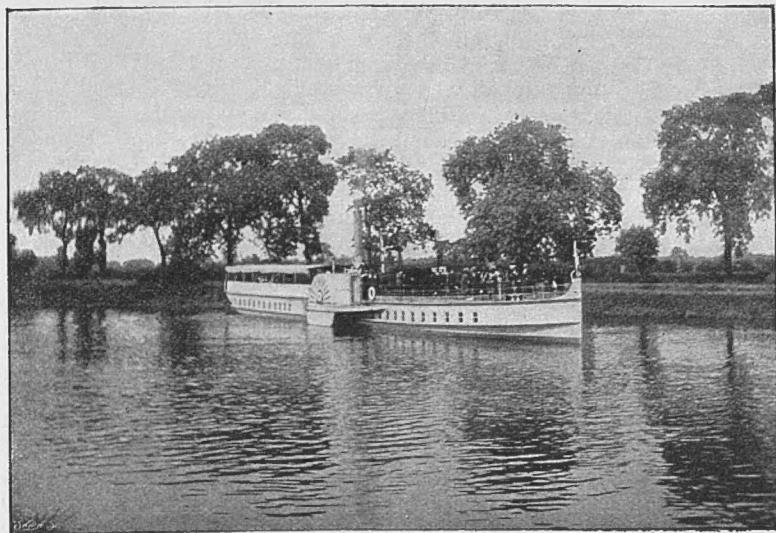
I heard a funny story of a certain elderly Irish peeress, well known in society, the other afternoon. Lady — was in search of a new man-servant, and heard of a registry-office in a certain square on the confines of Bloomsbury. Thither she drove in much state, and, on arriving at the square in question, her footman asked a policeman where was the "agency." The man in blue majestically waved the equipage to a certain house. Her Ladyship was admitted. "I have come about a young man," she remarked to the bland proprietor. "Yes, Madame; I quite understand," was the reply. "He must be sober and honest and used to good families." Oh, yes, Madame; I think we have the very thing on our books. Would you like to see his photograph?" "His photograph!" cried Lady —. "I suppose the man's straight?" "Oh, yes, Madame, a very fine man; a fortune is no object, I imagine?" This last with a movement of the hand towards the carriage with its pawing horses, that could be seen through the window. "A fortune with my footman?" literally shouted the Irish lady. Then the proprietor explained that his was a matrimonial agency, and that the registry-office was on the other side of the square. Those who know the lady can well imagine the humour of the situation.

The Marquess of Granby says that, though he may not be able to write a book, he can put a tolerably good preface together. As an earnest of his powers in this direction, he has written a prefatorial notice to Mr. George Dewar's new work on "Dry-Fly Fishing in Southern and Northern Streams," which will be published in due season by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. Every year the ranks of those who devote all their high-days and holidays to this most fascinating and artistic sport are swelled considerably. The two "Houses" in particular boast many ardent dry-fly fishermen, notably Sir Edward Grey, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Archibald Grove, Sir William Hart-Dyke, Lord Hampden, and the Earl of Selborne. But perhaps the most enthusiastic of this celebrated punt-load is the noble Marquess himself.

These pages have, before to-day, been witness to the deep respect I entertain for the erudite young gentlemen who shed the light of their learning on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Nevertheless, I found in the "Occasional Notes" of Monday, July 8, evidence that great heat may make even the Charing Cross Road Homers nod. Speaking of Sir William Harcourt, their man of notes writes, "'What is the use of an eight-hours' day?' he *crumpets* forth." Now, neither Webster nor Walker nor Johnson will admit that there is a verb "to crumpet," although one's first impression is that, if a *P.M.G.* young man uses the word, it must exist, despite lexicographers. But how does a man look when he "crumpets forth"? Does it hurt him? Is "crumpeting" a feat reserved for politicians to perform, and critics—*P.M.G.* variety—to comment on? Or is it simply that the heat has inebriated a *P.M.G.* genius "with the exuberance of his own verbosity"? I ask these things with an ardent desire for knowledge that would have done credit to Miss Rosa Dartle. Perish the suggestion that the "Occasional" gentleman wrote "trumpet," and that a careless compositor and a reckless reader were responsible for the new verb! After all is said, why should not Sir William Harcourt "crumpet" if he is pleased to do so. Rather let all men "crumpet" than one *P.M.G.* genius be written down muffer—I mean, duffer.

I give herewith the new steamer, Queen Elizabeth, which has begun running daily to Kew and Hampton from London Bridge. She is 165 ft. long, and has a draught excellently suited to river navigation.

It has been decided to establish, in connection with the Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, a permanent memorial to one of its most distinguished students, the late Professor Huxley. It will probably



THE THAMES STEAMER, QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Photo by R. J. Boncey, Greenwich.

take the form of an Annual Lecture and a Science Scholarship and Medal, but the final decision will depend upon the wishes of a general meeting of the subscribers. Subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by Dr. Watt Black, at the Charing Cross Hospital Medical School.

I was very pleased, the other day, to meet with a very old friend in a new dress, in the shape of the "Contes Moraux," the Moral Tales of Marmontel, some of which (but why not one or two more, I wonder?) have been admirably translated, or perhaps I should say revised, by George Saintsbury, and as admirably illustrated by Chris Hammond. Mr. Saintsbury's classics from the French are always enjoyable, while, for the virility of the illustrations, it is enough to say that a well-known critic has assumed that they are the work of a man, and has confessed that they suggest Watteau in their treatment. The stories only fill one volume, which is published by George Allen, and should certainly not be neglected by book-lovers, for it satisfies both the literary taste and the artistic eye.

Mr. Charles Roche, the translator of the Barras Memoirs, is busily engaged on the third and fourth volumes. It has not been generally remarked that the English edition is more complete than the French, in which there are some important omissions. Barras is a tough subject for an editor, but, whether his pre-eminent quality be called candour or effrontery, it is best to give him in all his native beauty. To this task Mr. Roche is devoting himself with distinct success.

The *Jewish Chronicle*, which, in accordance with the dictates of the spirit of progress, has greatly extended its sphere of interest during the past two years, is publishing an interesting series of articles on the "Sweating System," as practised in East-End workshops. Our contemporary has thrown an interesting light upon the conditions of things at the moment; and, although the opinions of interested parties differ considerably, the truth is certain to lie between them. Mr. Lakeman, one of the best-known and best-feared of her Majesty's Factory Inspectors, does not appear to find that sweating is much on the decline, but, on the other hand, one of the largest East-End manufacturing tailors finds an improvement. One point mentioned in the course of his interview seems undeniably true. The man who puts off an order to the eleventh hour, and then insists upon getting his clothes at once, helps to keep the evil sweating-system alive. There is neither cause nor justification for such procedure. It is as easy to order a suit at the beginning of the week as at the end, and he who is in a hurry must sacrifice fit in many cases. And it is no more expensive to order a suit in July than in August, for no well-regulated man ever pays his tailor—except on rare occasions and at long intervals.

I am sorry to hear that a remark made in the notice published in these columns the other week on the Rose Festival at Whitelands College should have given rise to some misunderstanding. The children attending the College pay a fee similar to, and are of the same class as in other high schools, for the College was founded to afford students an opportunity of seeing and practising a higher education than can be given in an elementary school. I trust that the explanation here given will set at rest the minds of those who seem to have been upset by a phrase used apropos of such an excellent institution as the College.

Have you seen the self-fastener label attachment? Its object is to provide means for facilitating the attachment of the same to sacks,

wrappers, bales, parcels, packages, and the like. The attachment is a sort of hook, and it can be firmly fixed by a child. At least twenty-five patent labels can be fixed in the time required to thread the needle and attach one label in the old style.

The Photographic Salon, 1895, will open at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, on Sept. 30, and remain open till Nov. 2 following. The latest dates for receiving pictures for submission to the Committee of Selection will be from Sept. 1 to 16 at the agents', and on Tuesday, Sept. 17 (without packing-cases), at the Gallery.

Very loyal are the people of Peterborough. On Wednesday last the main streets of the quaint old town were lavishly decorated with flags and bunting, from the railway stations to the large Moulin Rouge, which stands at the entrance to the show, and at every turn were displayed in large letters such words of greeting as "Welcome, royal guest," "Success to our Prince," and so forth. In Church Street and Lincoln Road archways with artificial ancient battlements had been erected, and very picturesque they looked. The market-place itself was one mass of decorations, and even the three gilded balls hanging at the corner of Geneva Street had, apparently, been polished up for the occasion, possibly also with a view to their attracting a few "clients" from among the vast concourse of pleasure-seekers.

This is the eighteenth annual show of foxhounds, harriers, and beagles that has been held at Peterborough, and upon this occasion, as the Prince himself, who is president for the year, remarked, the arrangements were perfect. Many well-known masters of hounds were present, but ordinary hunting-men were scarce, the scarcity being probably due to the fact that many hunting-men take no interest in the hounds themselves. As usual, the attention of the visitors was concentrated chiefly upon the jumping-competitions, which, owing to the position of the fences, proved more interesting than usual. Instead of placing the jumps in a ring, in the ordinary way, the Committee had set them up side by side. It is a pity that more managers of horse-shows do not follow this example.

Here is a photograph of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's children, the elder being Miss Viola Tree. I wonder if there is any truth in the state-



MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S CHILDREN.
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

ment that Mrs. Tree is to support Mr. George Alexander in Mr. Carton's new play at the St. James's?

The costers' donkey-parade at the People's Palace next Monday will be an interesting sight. The show has been held there every three years since 1887, and has effected a great improvement in the lot of the costermonger's animal. Among those who have taken an active interest in the venture, since the death of Lord Shaftesbury, have been the Earl of Stafford, the Marquis of Lorne, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

The other afternoon, as I strolled through a square, not two miles from this office, I saw a curious sight. Two little boys were playing cricket in a garden, and behind the wickets stood a little maid—presumably their sister—in a blue blouse and blue knickers. She fielded admirably, and the trio seemed indifferent to the envious stare of the passing butcher-boys. It struck me as an ideal of brotherhood of Man to which even the New Woman cannot attain, because she would be too conscious of her daring. But the strange part of it all was that this quaint game took place in the grounds of a Presbyterian college! When the descendants of Calvin can countenance such a display of feminine fancy, I don't think the modern woman need fear that she is getting anything like near the end of her tether. At least, I hope she isn't, for—

I should like to play at cricket
With a maiden at the wicket,
A maiden in a pretty coloured shirt;
With her nimble little kickers
Clad in neatly fitting knickers,
Untrammelled by the ordinary skirt.

I can see that such a fashion
Might develop to a passion,
And every youth might gladly play for "love";
He would soon declare that scoring
Was inordinately boring,
As he poetised the dainty bowler's glove.

To some it would be silly,
Though I fancy, willy-nilly,
The game might get the aspect of a match,
And the maiden might get worried
Or, alternatively, flurried,
In thinking of her chances of a catch.

She might haply shock her mother,
She might irritate her brother
(Though another maiden's brother might be charmed);
She might scandalise her sister,
As she bowled a tricky twister,
Which would make the brawny batsman get alarmed.

If the higher education
Gives the sex a fascination
For the wicket, I would venture to submit
That the true and only Graces
Would have women's lovely faces,
And the other Graces then would have to quit.

It seems but a little while ago that I was chronicling in these columns the death of Henry Pettitt, and now it is a painful task to record that of his old friend and fellow-dramatist Paul Meritt. In appearance no two men could be more dissimilar—Pettitt, tall and thin, with a long face, a heavy moustache, and a deep voice; Meritt, short, clean-shaved, abnormally stout, and with the funniest little voice. How well I remember being introduced to the two together, years ago, on the great stage behind the curtain of the National Theatre! However, in one respect they were alike. Both had the reputation of being generous and kind-hearted. This opinion of the two men who have been foremost in the production of such stirring drama as Drury Lane and the Adelphi have given us of late years I have heard endorsed by many members of the profession for whom their talent had provided parts.

In Madame Miolan-Carvalho, who died in Paris last week, French music loses an admirable exponent, and the Parisian world of art and letters a very charming and sympathetic personality. She was for over thirty years one of the glories of the Opéra Comique and the Grand Opéra, and it was for her that Gounod composed his "Faust," she being the first to sing Marguerite. Madame Carvalho also greatly contributed to the early popularity of "Mireille" and "Romeo et Juliette." Marie Miolan, as she then was, studied at the Conservatoire, and was for some time a pupil of Duprez. Her success was said to have been due to art rather than nature. She possessed the now almost lost art of vocalisation to a supreme degree, and, among her private pupils, counted many of the most gifted amateurs of Parisian society. Madame Carvalho's career closed before London became the happy hunting-ground of Continental singers, but she sang at Covent Garden and secured a considerable *succès d'estime*. She married, forty-two years ago, M. Léon Carvalho, who became, later, the manager, or *directeur*, of the Opéra Comique. The fire which destroyed the theatre on May 25, 1887, produced a most painful impression on Madame Carvalho, the more so that her husband was, to a certain extent, held responsible, and condemned to three months' imprisonment, a sentence which was, however, entirely commuted on appeal. During the last few years, Madame Carvalho has lived a retired life, but she was generally to be seen at most important first nights, and among her latest artistic pleasures was an afternoon spent with Verdi during the veteran-composer's production of "Otello" at the Grand Opéra.

In addition to, or perhaps, preparatory to, the contemplated migration of the reorganised German Reed Entertainment to a new hall, to be built close to the Garrick Theatre, there is considerable change to be noted in the *personnel* of the company that Mr. Henry D. Reed is now "bossing." Gone for ever, alas! are Alfred German Reed and Corney Grain, and another absentee is that capital light tenor, Mr. Avalon Collard, who should easily find work on the regular "boards." His place in the troupe seems to have been taken by Mr. Hilton St. Just, a tenor of a more robust sort, who has had a long experience of English opera, and

has, indeed, recently been singing with the Arthur Rousby Company. Miss Fanny Holland still remains; then, for a soprano, there is a piquant and clever young lady, Miss Marie Garcia, a member of the celebrated family of operatic artists and teachers of singing; and a new tower of strength, of course, will be Mr. Rutland Barrington.

A fresh recruit of unmistakable promise is Miss Elsie Cross (among other things, a clever mimic), who has just been taking part up at Newcastle, together with her mother, Miss Emily Cross, and her sisters, Misses May Cross and Agnes Giglio, in a new musical comedy by Tom S. Wotten and Wilfred Bendall, "Lady Dorothy's Scheme." Much also is expected from Mr. Charles Wibrow, a comedian of talent, who, in the course of 1889, took on tour, with a good company, a comic opera, "Girouette," of which also he gave a London *matinée* at the Avenue, if my memory serves me, and who in the ensuing year obtained the provincial rights of "Paul Jones" from the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company. With all these clever people, Mr. H. D. Reed should have a fair chance of pleasing the old German Reed *habitués*, and others also.

I am delighted to be able to state that M. Leopold Wenzel will return to London on Saturday next. He will take the conductor's bâton at the Lyric Theatre, and has, I am told, been commissioned to write an opera for Sir Augustus Harris. M. Wenzel has been away too long. A musician whose ballets are worthy of Hervé at his best, whose occasional waltzes recall Strauss, and whose great efforts reach a very high level of musical merit, should never have been permitted to leave England. Who could compose a ballet like "Orfeo" or "Katrina"? There is no musician in London who can at once retain the seriousness necessary to expound the ballet's narrative, and the dainty grace that revels in light dance measures and unexpected orchestration. I do not wish to disparage M. Wenzel's successors, but must say that, despite their undoubted talent, they have failed to come within measurable distance of him. His return to town is singularly opportune, while, judging from the comic opera produced last autumn in Paris, his hand has lost no whit of its cunning. May the old time of nights that literally danced themselves away speedily come back to us! I have never despaired of seeing him in his old familiar seat, and my hopes seem likely to be fulfilled.

The following is the text of a communication recently received by nearly all places of entertainment in London, including even the Zoological Gardens. I quote it with all but the blushing honours of strange spelling which lie thickly upon it—

The Ducal Saxe Coburg Gotha Court Company
Drury Lane Theatre W.C.

The Management of the Royal Coburg Court Theatre present their Compliments to the Manager of the — Theatre, asking him kindly to reserve for the Artists of the Coburg Theatre who will stay until the 17th July next, some seats as far as possible should application be made by Members by their cards.

The Coburg artists are most anxious to have an opportunity of witnessing the acting of their English brother artists, and the management will esteem it a special favour to be honoured by immediate reply and hope that some of the English artists will favour them with their presence at Drury Lane Theatre.

London the 27th June 1895.

All this is charming and polite and other things, but in what department of the "Zoo" will our Coburg friends hope to find their English brother artists?

The list of acting-managers in the London theatres is the poorer by the temporary withdrawal of Mr. C. G. Compton. During Mr. Hare's absence abroad, Mr. Compton will not officiate "in front of the house" at the Garrick, and he does not accompany Mr. Hare to America. One of the few acting-managers who find leisure for literary pursuits, Mr. Compton has written a good deal of very bright fiction, and his pen is likely to be busily employed till Mr. Hare's return.

An elaborate and interesting concert, organised by the National Society of French Teachers in England, in aid of the funds of the Society, was given at the Queen's Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday. The Excelsior Orchestra played a number of pieces with considerable ability and effect. With Madame Jane May (in the absence of Carmencita), this orchestra shared the chief honours of the afternoon. Madame May's two *chansons* were sung by her with admirable humour and gaiety—indeed, she made one regret that one has so few opportunities in London to appreciate her very excellent work. M. Francis Thomé won considerable applause by his playing of two little pianoforte pieces composed by himself, and M. Johannes Wolff similarly secured enthusiastic recognition. A cantata of some length, by M. Schlesinger, "Hymne à la Paix," was also included in the performance. Madame Thénard's recitations, too, were quite amusing. Among the conductors were MM. Arditi, Mascheroni, and H. Chevreau. The concert was as long as it was successful.

Some time ago, I referred to a forthcoming provincial tour of Mrs. Bernard Beeré. This enterprise begins on August Bank Holiday, and is to be managed by Mr. H. Cecil Beryl, of the Nottingham Theatre Royal.

The statement was made in these columns recently that Mr. John Amory Sullivan was married to Miss Adeline Stanhope, whereas Mrs. Sullivan was Miss Maud Wodehouse.

Miss Ida Rene is one of the most recent recruits to the music-hall stage. She is appearing at the Pavilion.

By the way, those who patronised the Pavilion one evening about a week ago saw a strange sight, and had a brief entertainment that was not on the programme. It was a very hot evening, but there was a good house, and the stalls were well occupied. At about ten o'clock there was something akin to confusion in the best seats. People looked up and round at their neighbours; the majority wondered what had occurred. Had a comedian brought off a gag of cerulean tint, or a fair serio said more than she was paid to say? While occupants of other parts of the house were feeling vaguely alarmed, an umbrella shot up from the stalls. It was followed by another, and several others, until the reason of the disturbance was made clear. The sliding roof had been drawn back, as is usual in hot weather, and a sudden sharp shower of rain, utterly unexpected, had surprised the weather-watchers. In a few moments the rain was shut out, and peace of mind restored. No harm was done, and while all but the people rained upon were very much amused, the little *contretemps* may console such houses of entertainment as lack the luxury of a sliding roof.

There has been no little discussion concerning the question of the propriety both of "Ma Cousine" and "Madame Sans-Gêne." Though the works have been through the Censor's hands, and he is said to have ruined the former by his cuttings, much remained that would not be tolerated in a translation. I do not pretend to discuss the ethics of the question, but merely to tell a little tale that comes into my mind on this subject of propriety on the stage. Everyone knows that the unmarried girl in France is kept very strictly—is not allowed to read the newspapers or current novels, nor taken to the theatre, save to well-approved

plays. Indeed, it is said that the wild desire to go to the Palais Royal Theatre and see its salted farces induces the French girl, in many cases, to accept undesirable suitors and gain the freedom of marriage. Well, a few years ago, at Contrexéville, one of the French "cures," a place as dull as such places generally are, the Casino authorities engaged for the season a theatrical company whose repertoire consisted of "Palais Royal" pieces. One night "Divorçons" was given, another "Tricocche et Cacolet," and they were followed by works by MM. Toché and Blum. When it came to "La Parfum," a selection of mothers waited upon the director, and complained of the character of the pieces, urging that they could not bring their daughters to see *des horreurs pareilles*, and, of course, could not leave them alone at the hotel. "Do they understand them?" asked the director. "Of course not!" answered the mothers, indignant at the suggestion. "Then, Mesdames, how will it do them any harm?" The mothers gave in to this logic, and next day "Le Petit Ludovic" was played.

It is believed that Sir Henry Irving has decided to produce the English version of "Madame Sans-Gêne" in the course of the Lyceum season of 1896-97. When he reappears at that theatre in the autumn of next year, after his American tour, Sir Henry will probably present a Shakspeare play. This will be fol-

lowed by Sardou's drama, in which some important changes have been suggested by the author. Miss Ellen Terry will endeavour to disprove the confident prognostications of critics who say she cannot impersonate the washerwoman-duchess. Quite a considerable list of actresses has been compiled to show that each and all can achieve what is impossible to Miss Terry. It is a pity that none of them will have an opportunity of trying.



MISS IDA RENE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Francis Thompson is a poet's, or, at least, a craftsman's poet. He has human things to say, but he can say them most easily in a language bewildering to the simple, and perhaps fatiguing to all. If to the garments of poetry you be indifferent, or if you prefer them to be of simple cut, then he writes in Greek for you. This sounds a disparaging reference to a man of conspicuous genius; but I remember I am writing suggestions and recommendations of books mostly for tired and busy folk, and I would not have a tired head go to "Sister Songs" (Lane) for soothing and for easy music on the strength that its theme is the praise of two little children. The poems are a blaze of imagery, hardly fitting, perhaps, as homage to the simplicity of childhood, but the embroidered arabesque of daring colour and intricate design will delight a connoisseur of difficult beauties. Every now and again, however, the simplicity of the subject masters him, and the pathetic tenderness is plainly visible of the love that inspired his poem to Sylvia and to the other—

Princess of Smiles!
Sorceress of most unlawful-lawful wiles!
Cunning pit for gazers' senses,
Overstrewn with innocences!

in the heart of him who sings of himself—

I who can scarcely speak my fellows' speech,
Love their love, or mine own love to them teach;
A bastard barred from their inheritance.

A little patience with excess of ornament, and you reach and remember the humanity of the poem that contains such gentle lucidities as this—

Then since my love drags this poor shadow, me,
And one without the other may not be,
From both I guard thee free.
It still is much, yes, it is much,
Only—my dream!—to love my love of thee.

In lighter vein, with homelier aims, but at least in most companionable spirit, comes Mr. Radford's "Old and New" (Unwin). From "Measured Steps," from "Chambers Twain," from "Translations from Heine," from two books of the Rhymers' Club, and from unpublished verses he has made up his new volume. It is modest, friendly, and appears with an air of not taking itself too seriously. In his love-songs or his graver verses he is admirable when he allows himself only a stanza or so. Brevity, at least, he has learnt from Heine, though Heine he only translates much less badly than others have done.

I held her hand
To-day,
And whispered a word,
And she heard:
And I did not work,
And she did not play,
To-day,

is half of a little love-poem that was worth making. And if you seek the other half in Mr. Radford's volume, you may find on your way some amusement as well as pretty sentiment. He has a robust spirit, and grins a good deal at the mewlings and pukings and flabby solemnities in vogue in print just now. "Introspection" was written for yesterday, but for a somewhat late hour of yesterday, and it is timely enough to-day, this mocking reflection—

... he may aspire to bays
Who gives to the world without any apology
In metre, a volume of simple psychology.

Then turn from thy friends: shun Poetry, Art;—
Be vain disputations avoided:
Examine, dear reader, thine innermost part:
And soon you will think you have fathomed your heart,
And know that you haven't enjoyed it.

Almost simultaneously appears from the Bodley Head "Songs and Other Verses," by Dollie Radford. They have sincerity, charm, and not a little poetry about them; and a certain formlessness, which gives them only feeble hold on the memory, has been overcome in two or three of the best, notably in the proud love-song beginning—

Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?

The first and the forty-ninth volumes of the "Pseudonym Library" are linked to each other by a similar circumstance in their plots—the advent of the Russian Nihilist in a highly respectable English family circle. There is, however, no real likeness between them. The marked difference in treatment and quality severs them with great distinctness. "Mademoiselle Ixe" was condensed, forcible, and effective. "Cause and Effect," by Ellinor Meirion, is a rather long-drawn, uncertain story, with a good deal of interest in it—the interest that can hardly fail to be produced in some degree by extreme contrasts of characters, of ideals, and of nationalities. The forthcoming "Pseudonym" volumes are, I hear, to be illustrated. There is a lull in fiction just now. One other readable short story I have looked at—"A Modern Man," by Ella Macmahon, published in Messrs. Dent's "Iris Library." It is of a kind very numerous to-day, only it is a good specimen of its kind. The study of a worldly man struggling between his ambitions and the claims of his affections, it does not make a remarkably original story; but it is written deftly, and by someone who possesses an acute knowledge of ordinary character and of ordinary interests to-day. o. o.

INTERVIEW WITH SARAH BERNHARDT'S LION.

It was the rumour that Madame Sarah Bernhardt had bought the Wrestling Lion (writes a *Sketch* representative) that took me to see Mr. William Cross's Menagerie at the Empire of India Exhibition.

Mr. Cross is the "universal provider" of "wild beastesses," and his firm, represented successively by his father and himself during the last one hundred and fifty years, has made the name of "Massa Cross" a household word on every hill-top and in every swamp, jungle, and forest in the discovered world by its liberal purchases of the fauna of every country.

"Well, Mr. Cross, I have come to see your Wrestling Lion, not only as an observer, but as a critic."

"I am quite sure that I shall be able to answer every question, and to meet your minutest inspection. But, as regards the proprietorship, I must tell you that he belongs to Madame Sarah Bernhardt. You are probably aware of her great interest in all animals, and her love of making wild beasts her domestic pets. Directly she had seen the Wrestling Lion, and had noticed his extreme docility, she insisted on possessing him. I didn't want to sell him. I had been doing very good business for some time past with him in the provinces, so I named what I hoped would be a prohibitive sum—one thousand pounds. However, Madame took him at that price—the highest ever paid for a lion. I have met Madame Bernhardt frequently. She never omits to visit my repository in Earle Street when she comes to Liverpool—indeed, Mr. Irving, and the leading lights of the drama, generally look in. I recollect, on one occasion, a number of my snakes got loose, and I think you would have been amused if you had seen the great actress entering into the chase, with the greatest ardour possible."

"You have a great quantity of snakes here at Earl's Court?"

"Well, yes; but more are coming. If we laid them here head and tail lengthways, it would cost a shilling to do the distance in a cab."

Then I glanced for a moment at the sacred six-legged Indian cow, and the quaint Java monkeys, but when I reached Sarah Bernhardt's lion I wanted nothing else to see.

"Marco" is undoubtedly an extraordinarily fine example of his species, and in the pink of condition. Fourteen pounds of finest beef are administered to him during the twelve hours of daily exhibition.

"Now, tell me all you know, Mr. Cross, about this lion?"

"I got him as a cub, and, immediately, I was struck with his extreme docility; he 'took down' all other specimens I have had—and I have had scores of them—as regards evenness of temper. With all animal-training, especially with lions, it is better policy to be kind. Directly you introduce the whip or stick, good-bye to teaching tricks. 'Marco' has been in training over two years. But here comes Clyto, who has been with me five years, and who will presently wrestle with the lion."

Then there approached a good-looking, lithe young man, twenty-three years of age, clad in a smart tunic, the left breast of which was decorated with three or four medals—one especially attracted my attention, as, on the reverse side, it bore the inscription that it was the gift of W. E. Gladstone. By-and-by he retired to put on his wrestling-suit, which, I noticed as he entered the cage, bore in its raggedness unmistakable evidence of the severe contests he had had with the lion.

Before Clyto was within a yard or two of the cage, the lion appeared to scent him, was up and alert, and began to purr round Clyto's legs, as would a pet cat, on his entering the cage. "Up," said Clyto, and the lion placed a paw over each of his shoulders, with his head dangerously near his keeper's face. Then the struggle commenced. A twist or two, and Clyto had thrown, by a buttock twist, the lion on his back on the floor of the den with a thud. A piece of meat was then the reward of the vanquished. Again there was a prolonged struggle, and this time the lion had thrown Clyto, and was on top of him. Clyto lay for a moment quite still, with the heavy weight of the beast upon him. Then he began to wriggle quietly, with the intent, evidently, to get from under his load. At last he got free, and was up in a trice and leant against the bars, panting for breath. The next feat was getting the lion to sit on a chair; when there, Clyto retired to the other side of the cage and placed a piece of meat in his mouth. Then, with a jump, the lion sprang on his keeper and took the beefsteak from his mouth, but Clyto had the breath knocked out of him by the heavy impact of the beast. Clyto next began to sweep out the cage, but he seemed to care little whether he kept his face to his charge or not. While this was being done, the lion proceeded to play with the chair, as a cat would with a reel of cotton. Evidently the show was nearly over; but, before the keeper left, the lion had got cheeky, and made rather a nasty charge, and began to wrestle, and so ardently, that Clyto exclaimed, "Come, come! that's enough! This is a bit too rough. Give over, will you!" A short struggle then ensued, and Clyto's head appeared likely to be bitten off; but Clyto succeeded in throwing the lion off, and then dealt him a back-hander on the face, by way of admonition to better manners. The keeper then deftly slipped out. It was a splendid show.

"Is there much danger, Mr. Cross?" I asked.

"I think the lion has been too well trained. However, what risk there is seems to be appreciated, for I have noticed that some people come to every show, perhaps on the principle that actuated the conduct of those who never missed seeing Van Amburgh of old place his head in the lion's mouth."

"People will surely ask me if the lion is drugged?"

"My best answer is to ask you to give them the evidence of your own eyes. If the animal had been so treated, could he be so alert?"

"But how about the claws? Are they drawn?"

For answer Clyto showed me the lion's paws. There could be no doubt about the power of his majesty's claws.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

AT BISLEY.

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.



THE COMING CANDIDA.

A CHAT WITH MISS JANET ACHURCH.

The Nora of yesterday and the Candida of to-morrow looks none the worse for her late American tour, and that in spite of the fact that she experienced one of the worst passages home on record.

Mrs. Charrington, for so Miss Janet Achurch is known to her many friends, received me (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) in the quaint, plain little study where she and her husband get through most of their work. A fine engraving of Ibsen is, of course, *en évidence*, and photographs marking a pilgrimage round the world, with the Sphinx for the most prominent milestone, hang round the Norwegian dramatist, who owes so much of his English fame to my hostess, while a well-filled book-shelf testifies to Mr. and Mrs. Charrington's wide intellectual sympathies and thorough knowledge of the Continental drama.

At the first hesitating mention of Mr. Richard Mansfield—for all the world knows that New York has been the scene of a Homeric contest between Miss Achurch and the most eccentric and perverse of American actors—Mrs. Charrington, without exactly betraying the exultation of a victor, looked extremely happy, but said nothing. Pressed as to whether Mr. Mansfield had not conspicuously had the worst of it, she politely said, "Not at all," but the happy expression lit up into an unmistakable smile, which eloquently confirmed the accounts of the duel in the New York papers. She would not be induced to say much on the subject.

"The whole thing is an old story bynow," she pleaded. "Why should we go over it all again? The matter is very simple. Mr. Mansfield engaged me to play the title-part in Mr. Bernard Shaw's 'Candida.' When Mr. Mansfield read the play, his attention was naturally a good deal concentrated on his own part, which was a very good one. But after a rehearsal or two"—here Mrs. Charrington's smile became indescribable—"it dawned on Mr. Mansfield that my part was a very good one too—a very good one indeed! The fact is," added Mrs. Charrington, suddenly becoming serious, "I do not want to say of an actor of Mr. Mansfield's position that my part would have placed his at any disadvantage; but still, it is only fair to say that Candida was written for me, and that the other part was written without any thought of Mr. Mansfield, and was not suited to him physically. He could only have played it by one of those *tricks of force* in the way of personal disguise for which he is famous. At all events, he dropped the rehearsals, and when, later on, he proposed to produce the play without appearing in it himself, the author had withdrawn it."

"Why?"

"Oh! you must ask him that. It is hard enough to explain one's own motives to the public, without undertaking to explain Mr. Bernard Shaw's as well. No doubt, he has excellent reasons—when has he ever been at a loss for them? So Mr. Mansfield had to open his new theatre with a revival of 'Arms and the Man.' Bluntschli, the Swiss captain in that play, is one of his most popular parts."

"And what parts did you eventually play for Mr. Mansfield?"

Mrs. Charrington's smile came back, in spite of a perceptible effort on her part to suppress it. "By a strange fatality," she said, "I did not appear at all on the stage in New York during my engagement to Mr. Mansfield. He offered me one part which was beyond my powers. I was not ripe enough for it. It was that of his mother. Later on he invited me to play any part I liked at *matinées* without his personal support. I resigned myself to dispense with that; but, somehow, something always happened to upset the arrangements. I am afraid poor Mr. Mansfield was unlucky over that engagement of mine. But it really was not my fault."

"And now, Miss Achurch, what about 'Candida'?"

"Haven't you better ask Mr. Shaw? He insists that it is a religious mystery. I should describe it as an exquisite little domestic drama, with a heroine who is just what her name implies, and yet is as fascinating as if she were the wickedest person possible. That does not sound right, I know; but you cannot imagine what a relief it is on the stage to find a

heroine who is respectable without being stupid or colourless. The play could not differ more than it does from 'Arms and the Man,' though, like that play, it is extremely witty."

"Yet another New Woman?" I queried.

"Don't let the author hear you suggest such a thing. Candida, according to him, is the Old Woman put on the stage for the first time. All I can tell you is that she is not Nora Helmer and not Mrs. Tanqueray. But wait and see for yourself what impression the drama will produce on the English playgoing public."

"You were the first, I believe, to introduce Ibsen to the last-named large constituency?"

"Yes; at least, my husband was. That was in 1889."

"The centenary of the other revolution—the French one, eh, Mrs. Charrington?"

"Oh, that is nonsense! Mr. Archer talked of our production of the 'Doll's House' as having played the part of 'Hernani' to the modern dramatic school; and Mr. Shaw, in his *Saturday Reviewing* capacity, declares that we smashed up the old drama. But that is only a way of making a literary point—like making a point on the stage. Ibsen is a

great dramatic poet, and it is ridiculous to talk about the work done by his genius as if we did it. We saw that 'A Doll's House' was a great play before the other managers did—that was all. Some of them don't appear to see it yet. Only the other day, an eminent critic wrote of it as having failed and been forgotten. It hardly ever fails, and it is absolutely never forgotten. On our colonial tour, which lasted three years, it met with a rebuff only in one place, and that was in Calcutta. But then they pride themselves there on being specially literary. They crowded in to see 'Masks and Faces,' but would have nothing to do with Ibsen."

"I believe the Americans took quite kindly to 'A Doll's House'?"

"There again, you see," cried Mrs. Charrington eagerly. "They jumped at it. I first played 'Forget-Me-Not'; but the critics were very hard on that poor old play, though they said nice things about me. But the way in which 'A Doll's House' was received exceeded my wildest hopes."

"You don't intend to go back to New York, I hope?"

"Oh, don't I, though, *just*? I am delighted with it, and with the public there. I will try and show them that I am worth the welcome they gave me."

"What about Ibsen's last play, 'Little Eyolf'?"

"Well, what about it? That is just what I want you to tell me. When I left for New York, my engagement broke off the arrangement under which I was to have played Rita in it with

Miss Elizabeth Robins. I expected to find it already produced on my return. Instead of that, I find that the managers have been too busy producing foredoomed failures to meddle with the latest masterpiece of the greatest dramatic poet in the world."

"Apropos of great dramatists, Miss Achurch, do you see one of them in Mr. Shaw?"

"On that point, I am afraid I must refer you again to Mr. Shaw himself. He is certain to have a strong opinion about it. There can be no mistake about Mr. Shaw from the actor's point of view, because he writes such good parts. The chief woman's part in his 'Philanderer' has not a line in it that I do not rebel against as much as I assent to every line in 'Candida,' and yet I should like to play it. That is Mr. Shaw from the point of view of my profession, which is the only one I can give you. I cannot answer for the public, especially in the case of plays which are somehow unlike anything hitherto seen on the stage, though it is not easy to say how or why they differ."

And your plans for the future, Miss Achurch—have you any news to give me?"

"Oh! please—no plans. I have absolutely none. I have come back to enjoy an autumn holiday; and I have no intentions, no engagements, no projects—nothing, nothing, nothing! My next appearance may be in London, in Africa, in Australia, in New York, in Japan, or anywhere. Experience has taught me that I always appear in the place I least expected to be in three months before. At present I am keen on New York; so the real place will probably be St. Petersburg. No, I am really not trying to throw dust in your eyes. Good-bye."



MISS ACHURCH AS NORA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

Photo by P. H. Spring.



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD AND MISS BEATRICE CAMERON (MRS. MANSFIELD)
AS CAPTAIN BLUNTSCHLI AND RAÏNA PETOFF IN "ARMS AND THE MAN."
Photographs by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

WHAT A COLLECTIVIST THINKS.

What are the Fabians thinking about the elections? That question has been asked of me frequently at this crisis, and that was why I went to Mr. Bernard Shaw (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) to see how a Socialist viewed the situation. Mr. Shaw did not mince matters.

"To me," he said, without hesitation, "no election could possibly be less interesting; it has taxed our Fabian principles of making the best of a bad job to the utmost. I have never felt more tempted to concentrate myself on dramatic criticism and let the whole thing go by."

"Apparently you have not succeeded in carrying out that self-denying resolution. But why do you consider the election so dull?"

"Well, just consider the position. Here you have the Liberal Party, which got in in 1892 on the Newcastle Programme, absolutely bankrupt, so far as any serious attempt to fulfil that programme is concerned."

"Oh, come, Mr. Shaw, come! What about the Parish Councils Act, the Factory Act, and the Death Duties?"

"Pooh! you must discriminate between the births of time and the voluntary Acts of Governments. The Parish Councils Act was no more a Liberal measure than the County Government Act was a Conservative one. Factory legislation is not party legislation, and never has been. The Death Duties were forced from Sir William Harcourt by the indignation which exploded after his first miserable and reactionary Budget. It is not by these reluctant sacrifices to the *Zeitgeist*—these things which all Governments do because they must do something—that one judges a House of Commons majority. Payment of Members, Second Ballot, vigorous co-operation with the municipalities in reassuring and relieving the unfortunate small ratepayer by stopping the waste of town rents as mere landlord's pocket-money, decent wages and hours for labourers employed by public departments—these are the test questions which distinguish reluctantly progressive Administrations from willingly progressive ones. Apply these tests to the late Liberal Government, and its pretensions break down abjectly. Before they were in office very long, they discovered that they could not keep their majority together even on a stale question like Employers' Liability, which was really only the re-passing of a Bill that had been passed many years before, but had been upset in the Courts. After that it was clear that there was not much to be done with such a Liberal Party. Lord Rosebery, seeing this, made a desperate

attempt to make a fresh start on the question of the House of Lords; but as nobody would believe that there was any serious intention of meddling with the House of Lords, and as it presently appeared that Lord Salisbury's opinions on the subject of the House of Lords were exactly the same as those of Lord Rosebery—that is to say, that both objected equally to the supremacy of the House of Commons—the Lords agitation fell perfectly flat. Then Lord Rosebery saw there was nothing to be done, and, to do him justice, he has not since pretended there was anything to be done. Nobody could have more frankly dangled his legs and laughed at the inevitable coming smash than he has ever since the failure of his Bradford fireworks. There is no likelihood, even if the Liberals were again returned, that they would be in any better position than they were in the last Parliament. Under those circumstances, how can you expect us to take very much trouble on the Liberal side?"

"Then why not take it on the Tory side, since it is a Fabian principle never to remain entirely inactive?"

"Because really something is due to one's self-respect. The speeches recently made by Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords and elsewhere, have exhibited that statesman as the most absurdly ignorant man of his age in politics to be found at present in any civilised country in the world. We knew this before; but his ignorance is now becoming complicated by an absolutely mad hope, which you can trace quite plainly in his recent utterances, that the nineteenth century is going to be effaced from the calendar, and that the Reform Bills of '67 and '85—and, indeed, why should I not say '32?—are a mere feverish dream, and that there is now some hope of our relapsing into the good old eighteenth-century Tory ways. Probably the explanation of this is that Lord Salisbury's political faculties are decaying. This forces him to lean a good deal on Mr. Chamberlain; but Mr. Chamberlain has not, for the last fifteen years, seen anything, heard anything, or thought of anything. Mr. Balfour shows certain amateurish signs of intellectual life on purely abstract subjects; but practically he has neither courage nor character to do anything more than allow his intellectual restlessness to be put in the shop-window of the very stupidest and most ignorant country gentlemen."

"But can you see no hope in either party?"

"Well, I see in the Liberal Party a small knot of men, among whom Mr. Haldane plays a notable part. About Mr. Haldane you have Mr. Asquith and Mr. Acland; and a certain amount of good administrative work has been done, apparently through their influence. It is personal rather than party work, done by men who lean towards Collectivism, and are more or less in sympathy with the modern



Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Graham Wallas.

THE EXTREME LEFT.

Socialist movement. It has not been possible for them to go very far without any voting force behind them, and with the whole mass of the recalcitrance of their Parliamentary party against them; but the very indifference of the public and the very stupidity of their own leaders and fellow-Liberals have enabled them to do work in which they would probably have been hindered if its nature had been better understood. I look with some hope to the reinforcement of this little circle by young men who are moved by the new spirit—men of the type of Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, who has been fighting at Lambeth against Mr. Stanley."

"And do you see anything to correspond to this in the Tory Party?"

"No; the Tory Party appears to me to derive all its ideas from reading back numbers of the *Saturday Review*."

"You mean, presumably, numbers further back than the date at which you began writing your dramatic articles for that paper?"

"I do mean that, most emphatically."

"And what about the Labour Party?"

"Well, clearly, there will be no real counterbalance in the House of Commons to the Conservative Party until there is a Labour Party, but, at present, the working-classes do not want a party; they will not pay, they will not support a Labour policy, they do not trust one another, they do not believe in themselves, and they believe in everyone who is not of themselves. The Independent Labour Party consists almost entirely of more or less exceptional persons. The normal man is still a Liberal or Conservative, without knowing anything more of the principles of Liberalism or Conservatism than an average church-going citizen does of the Thirty-Nine Articles. He takes his opinions ready-made, because he is unable to make opinions for himself, and, naturally, since he can get them for nothing, he goes to the most fashionable shop, which is not at present Mr. Keir Hardie's shop."

"What, then, does the Fabian Society intend to do?"

"The Fabian Society regards all Governments at present as things to be squeezed, in the hope of getting a drop of social amelioration out of them from time to time. The Fabian Society, by its famous *Fortnightly Review* manifesto, squeezed the Liberal Party with such effect that its numbness from that time to the present has been very apparent. The Fabian Society looks forward to squeezing the Conservative Party—which will probably be in power by the time this interview appears in print—with equal vigour. In opposition, the Liberal Party will become extremely revolutionary, and will do some of the work which could be done only by a Labour Opposition with a Liberal Government in power. In fact, the Fabian Society will take advantage of the situation in its usual fashion. And now, if you will excuse me, I must run away, as I have innumerable meetings to go to, and theatres to attend."

"Good-bye, Mr. Shaw, and thank you for your extremely hopeful and good-natured comments on the situation."

WHAT AN INDIVIDUALIST THINKS

Not very old, it may be said, can be the politics of a man so sprightly as Mr. J. H. Levy. But political opinions and social movements age rapidly nowadays, and, as a teacher, Mr. Levy, who looks as though he might have quite as many years before him as those in which he has hitherto been propounding his views to the public, is already a veteran.

A quarter of a century ago, though he was then really a young man, Mr. Levy had made his mark as a lecturer on political economy and logic to evening-class students at the City of London College and the Birkbeck Institution. He had also started the Dialectical Society, the earliest and, in its day, the boldest of the societies which deemed no question affecting the welfare of the community too sacred or too abstruse to be debated about in public by men and women. When the old *Examiner* of Leigh Hunt and Albany Fonblanque took a new lease of life, in 1871, as a fearless exponent of cultured Radicalism, he was welcomed as one of its contributors. After that he was for more than a dozen years a contributor to the *National Reformer*, and a zealous colleague of Charles Bradlaugh in his political and economic work.

"I prefer to call myself a Liberal," says Mr. Levy, "although I have always been a Radical, and am a Home Ruler of twenty years' standing. Etymologically and historically, the term 'Liberalism' means, as I take it, that the political *summum bonum* is freedom, and the supreme aim of Liberals should be to maximise liberty. All the great triumphs of Liberalism have been of this nature. The removal of political disabilities attaching to poverty and to various forms of religious belief; the removal of restrictions on industry and commerce; the substitution of an industrial for a military ideal of national greatness; the war against those privileges of the few which mean the subjection of the many—these are the works of which Liberals may be proud."

"But those are old battles. There is further fighting to be done?"

"Yes, plenty; but there is more danger to true Liberalism now from the new forces that, often calling themselves by its name, are trying to overthrow it, than from its former foes. The fundamental principles of Liberalism are being attacked and defied in all sorts of ways, under a pretence of advancing them."

"You object to all legislation, then?"

"I object to all such tyrannical legislation as the Socialists are now clamouring for, and as is favoured by a great many who profess that they are not Socialists. You remember Kant's saying, that 'Everyone may seek his own-happiness in the way that seems good to himself, provided that he infringe not such freedom of others to strive after a similar end as is consistent with the freedom of all according to a possible general law.'"

"But the Socialists agree with that, don't they?"

"They say they do. According to one of them, Mr. Sydney Olivier, in the 'Fabian Essays,' Socialism is 'the necessary condition for the approach to the Individualist ideal.' I recognise the homage thus paid to the Individualist ideal, but I don't believe in the wisdom, or even the possibility, of getting to the Riviera by way of the North Pole. If we



MR. J. H. LEVY.

Photo by E. Passingham, Brighton.

want to reach the goal of freedom, we must not walk in an opposite direction, and that is what the Socialists are doing, and are persuading a great many who call themselves Liberals to do."

"And not the Tories?"

"Yes, the Tories are playing with Socialism too. But they have more excuse if, as I hold, the sort of legislation now being asked for by the Socialists tends to the destruction, not to the development, of sound Liberalism. Besides, the Tories would never go very far in their concessions. They might be willing to 'municipalise' to a pernicious extent, to meddle with freedom of labour, and so forth; but they would never consent to 'nationalise' either land or capital, or to surrender any of the monopolies of which Tories are the hereditary champions. The Tories are not likely to do more than throw baits and sops to Socialism, while the Liberals are swallowing it in detail, and are in danger of being swallowed up by it."

"Then you will not be sorry if the Tories are in a majority?"

"I would rather the Liberals were out in the desert for a while than that they should win what would really be a Socialist victory. The Tories could do very little harm if they were in power for a few years, and the Liberals would have an opportunity of getting back into a healthier state of mind, or rather, of arriving at a healthier condition than they have ever been in before."

"To do that they should become Individualists?"

"Yes; the whole future happiness of mankind appears to me to depend on the progress of systematic Liberalism, and Individualism is only another name for systematic Liberalism."

"But Individualism has not gained much ground of late years?"

"No; partly because it has been so much confused with the class-selfishness that asserts itself in such organisations as the Liberty and Property Defence League; partly because it has by so many been identified with the teaching of Mr. Herbert Spencer. In his doctrine on the woman question, the land question, and the population question, Mr. Spencer is the apostle of despair, and pessimism as naturally leads to Conservatism as meliorism does to Liberalism."

"You are not a pessimist, then?"

"Oh, no! there is everything to hope for, if we were only free to use, without abusing, our individual capacities, and to strengthen and enlarge them by proper exercise. With widened liberty, I believe that our progress would be very rapid, and that poverty, disease, and crime might be almost banished in a generation. Such a modicum of prosperity as we now have is chiefly due to free trade. A much larger dose of the same policy, acting in all other lines of human energy as well as in commerce, would give us benefits all round now scarcely dreamt of."

Mr. Levy is clearly an out-and-out Individualist, and the boldness of his opinions, as well as his thorough acquaintance with every branch of political economy, makes him a formidable antagonist. He finds room for some of his energy in taking a leading part in the work of the Personal Rights Association. Of the influential Political Economy Circle of the National Liberal Club he is the founder and factotum.—H. R. FOX BOURNE.

A LAST CENTURY ELECTION.

The pictorial side of politics occupies a very important place in the history of illustration. A glance at a representative collection of eighteenth-century prints might lead one to suppose that the political caricaturist had put forth a greater amount of work than his successor



Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Duncannon.
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE SUPPORTING FOX.

to-day. That is true, perhaps, of separate caricatures, but then, at the present moment, there is a far more steady output of political skits from the illustrated comic papers, which had no existence in the last century. The prints here reproduced are typical of the comic art of the latter years of the eighteenth century. The great election of 1784 drew forth an enormous number of cartoons, most of them crude in conception



"MARS AND VENUS, OR SIR CECIL [WRAY] CHASTISED," 1784.

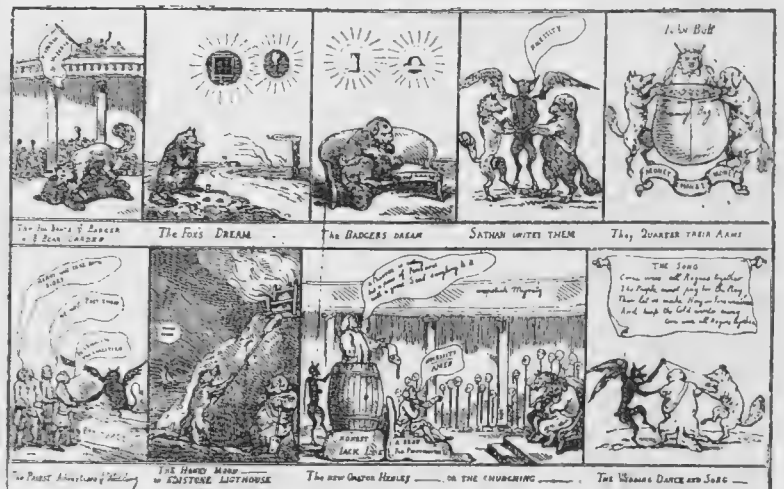
and badly drawn. The crisis of 1784 arose from the collapse of the Coalition Ministry which Fox and Lord North formed, under the nominal lead of the Duke of Portland. Fox lost his popularity by the Coalition, the Indian Bill, and his attempt to prevent an appeal to the country; and, in the General Election, a hundred and sixty members lost their seats, almost all of whom were friends of the late Administration. Fox was opposed at Westminster by Sir Cecil Wray, who had



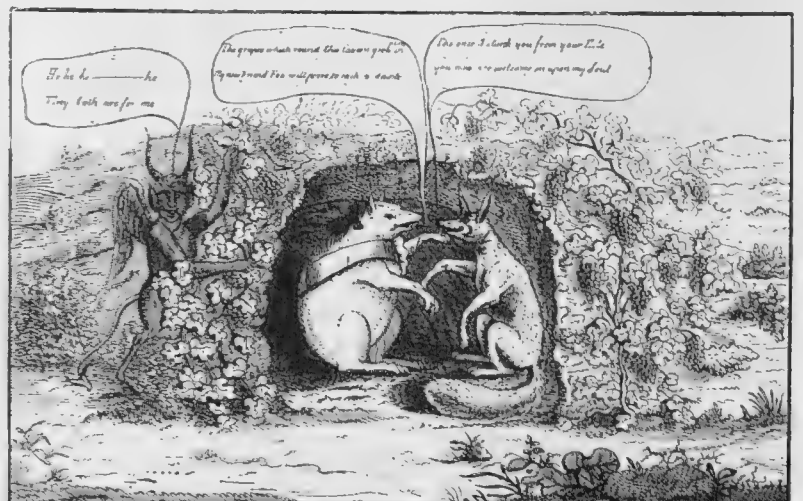
Hool. Fox. Wray.
THE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR WESTMINSTER, 1784.



PITT AS "PERPETUAL DICTATOR," 1796.



"THE LOVES OF THE FOX AND THE BADGER, OR THE COALITION [FOX-NORTH] WEDDING," 1784.



THE COALITION MINISTRY—"THE FOX AND THE BADGER [LORD NORTH] BOTH IN A HOLE."

made himself unpopular by his proposed tax on maid-servants and his interference with the Chelsea pensioners. His evil deeds are satirised in the print reproduced. Lord Hood also stood for Westminster. The poll lasted from April 1 (1784) to May 17. During the election, the City was in a state of riot. Fox had an energetic canvasser in Georgina, the

of the potency of woman, which he elaborated in the "Comic Almanack" of 1853. But the Duchess of Devonshire could not save Fox, who was defeated for Westminster, the votes standing thus: Hood, 6694; Fox, 6234; and Wray, 5998. Fox, however, was enabled to take his seat, being returned for Kirkwall, of all places. The fourth cartoon



"THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN, OR THE EFFECTS OF FEMALE ENFRANCHISEMENT."

DRAWN BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FOR THE "COMIC ALMANACK," 1853.

beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who is familiar to everybody as the subject of Gainsborough's magnificent picture. She was assisted by Lady Duncannon, and is said to have visited some of the lowest parts of the town to further Fox's candidature, and to have tried to wheedle a vote from some of the electors by a kiss. Could the New Woman of to-day do more?—although George Cruikshank, seventy years later, had a vision

reproduced refers to Fox's great opponent, Pitt. The latter is pictured (1796) as an alchemist, wrecking the component parts of the Constitution in order to evolve himself as perpetual dictator. Hogarth's caricature has a much greater value than the others reproduced, inasmuch as it is typical, and not merely topical. Altogether, we may be glad to have escaped the tactics of a last-century election.



AN ELECTION AS HOGARTH SAW IT—CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PIETRO, TESSA, AND FILLIPO.

BY S. EDGAR TURNER.

The poverty in the village was very general, and, but for Pietro Gozzoli, the keeper of the wine-shop might have lowered his blinds and pulled his door to.

The fishing along the Naples coast had been bad for many weeks; and in Basnio every man is a fisherman, and every woman a fisherman's wife or daughter. And so the poverty was great, and Pietro was the only man who still smoked a daily handful of cigarettes and still sat regularly in the wine-shop.

He had been to England, and had come back with a fortune, and was independent of the vagaries of the fish and the weather. "Ah!" sighed the villagers, as they placed their hands in their empty pockets, "what a lucky man is Pietro, and what a rich place that England must be!"

One day in the early spring, the news went about that this man of fortune was grown insatiable, and was going away again to make more music for the foreigners and to get yet more *francesconi*. And every fisherman was sick with envy that he, too, could not leave the barren harbour and go to the northern El Dorado. But Pietro Gozzoli alone was possessed of the great sum that was wanted to pay the steamboat people and to hire the organ.

And who would he take with him? Which of the dark-eyed village beauties would he invite to be his companion and to share his gains? Many were the longing looks thrown to him, and many the prayers whispered to the saints by pretty ones whose fancy saw countless bright ribbons and sashes, the possessions of her who should be chosen.

A day or two more, and it was known that Tessa Puncia was the happy girl destined to be raised to opulence; and, early one morning, she and Pietro left Basnio for the long, dusty walk to Naples. And the next day they were standing on the deck of the steamer, watching the shore-line die out as the sea grew deeper and bluer.

During the voyage he taught her the words of English he remembered, and talked to her about the life in London: how that they were to work very hard, and spend very little, that they might have much to take home with them. And she, still glad that she had found grace in his sight, smiled agreement to everything.

A week after they had walked out of Basnio, beautiful even in its poverty, they were citizens of the Italian colony in London, making music about the streets during the days, and passing the nights in a garret in an evil-smelling court at the back of Saffron Hill.

Pietro was the musician, and hour after hour, for many hours, he toiled at the organ-handle, now with left hand, and now with right. Tessa carried the tray for the offerings of the passers-by, and, as she was pretty, and begged with a charming smile, her apron-pockets were usually heavy with copper coin when the evening and the time to return home came.

Then Pietro relieved her of the weight, and counted out the pence, and took them to some shop near by and changed them for silver. When there was enough of silver, it was parted with for gold, and something was added to the little pile of savings.

These savings were kept in a tin box, hidden under a loose board in the corner of the room. Not a very good treasure-chest, but Pietro did not understand the English banking system, and there was no one in Basnio rich enough to send money to for safe keeping.

Three years went by, and the yellow board was so increased that Tessa's eyes shone and her fancy wandered as Pietro counted and re-counted it in the evenings.

"Shall we not go home to Basnio now?" she said, as once she watched him. "Have we not enough?"

"No, not quite enough. We will stay this summer, and go back when the foggy days come."

(Of course, this was spoken in musical Italian, but I have brought it into English for the benefit of the one or two readers who, otherwise, might not understand.)

Tessa pouted a little at the reply, and consoled herself by going out to talk to Fillipo.

Fillipo was a native of Sardinia, who had lately come to London to enter the profession of ice-cream merchant. But, although it was early summer, the days were rather cold than hot, and there was no demand for ices, either lemon or raspberry, and Fillipo was drifting towards bankruptcy.

His rent was owing and his barrow mortgaged, and he wept as he told Tessa of another unsuccessful day. And she wept too. An exceedingly foolish thing, for she had known Fillipo only a month, and Pietro, whom she had known for years, had told her that he did not like the young adventurer in ice-cream, and that she must not talk with him.

Nevertheless, she wept, and told him how sorry she was. And as the pity grew in her, she thought how much better-looking he was than Pietro, and how tired she was of the streets, and how she longed to see the blue sea and sky again. Would Pietro give her a share of the savings and let her go?

But no, that would not be enough for two. Oh, why was not Pietro Fillipo, and Fillipo Pietro?

How handsome he was! and he was but a boy, and Pietro was more than forty.

She spoke her thoughts, and hope came to Fillipo's face; and he took her hand and began a long, eager whispering. And at that moment Pietro chanced to pass, and saw them, and hesitated for a step or two, and scowled, and went on. They were earnest in their whisperings, and did not see his coming and his going.

"To-morrow then, Tessa," said Fillipo, "and together to my people. He will not know, and cannot follow."

"Yes, to-morrow," and she returned his kiss and went back to Pietro.

The next morning Pietro was unwell. Nothing serious, he said; his head ached a little, and he was tired, and needed a rest. He would stay at home until the evening, and would then go to Cazzio's and play dominoes as usual, and be all right again in the morning. So that day Tessa pushed the organ about the streets without assistance.

But during part of the morning she rested and talked to Fillipo, who seemed to have forsaken his barrow to follow her. Their talk resulted in some agreement, for, as he left her he said—

"Then, Tessa, I will be waiting at eight with the tickets. And remember we must catch the boat, and you must manage that Pietro is out," and she replied—

"I will get it; he will be at Cazzio's at eight."

At dark she returned to the court, and, as she passed, Fillipo nodded to her from the shadow of the corner and showed two tickets.

She climbed up the rickety staircase to the room she shared with Pietro. He was not there; it must be done at once.

She crossed to the corner near the window. The board moved easily, and she felt for the tin box, and found it, and carried it to the lamp.

The box was very light, and fear came to her as she opened it and saw that it was empty save for a fold of dirty paper.

With trembling fingers she undid the paper, and held it to the lamp and read the words—

"Good-bye, Tessa. I have decided not to wait for the fogs. We will share now and part. You shall have Fillipo, and I the money that was here. Good-bye," written in Pietro's rude scrawl.

Fillipo waited long at the corner, and at last crossed to the house, and, learning from the woman standing at the door that Pietro was out, walked up the stairway and into the room.

Then he, too, read the paper, and his sorrow was joined to Tessa's.

THE ROMANCE OF FÉCAMP.

The small but ancient town of Fécamp, the "*Fisci Campus*" of the Romans, has been *en fête* over the opening and consecration, by the Archbishop of Rouen, of the new buildings of the distillery where the well-known "*Benedictine*" liqueur is made. In January, 1892, a terrible fire occurred, entailing a loss of some £80,000. The history of the Abbey has been somewhat unfortunate. It was destroyed by the Normans when they ravaged that part of France, but was rebuilt in the twelfth century. This monastery stood until the terrible year 1792, when destruction again overtook it, and only the majestic church attached to it was saved. Many years previously, in 1510, the manufacture of the well-known "*Benedictine*" had been set on foot. One of the Abbots of Fécamp, Antoine II., in that year charged the pious monk and skilful chemist, Bernard Vincelli, with the preparation of an elixir of life from plants growing on the cliffs, as an antidote to the malaria from the marshes around the Abbey. Vincelli was so successful, it is said, that thenceforth the malaria ceased to be feared. The liqueur which he distilled proved almost life-giving in its properties, restoring those stricken with fever and ague to renewed vigour, and acting as a preventive against disease. The liqueur for a time was only known within the Abbey precincts until King Francis I. had it brought to his notice during a visit to Fécamp. King Francis was so delighted with the delicate flavour of it, we are told, that he made Antoine II. a Cardinal. The liqueur thenceforth became fashionable among the seigneurs of France, and continued so until the time of the Great Revolution, when abbey and monks all were swept away, and the famous "*Benedictine*" as a liqueur of the hated aristocracy came under the law. All that was saved from the destruction were a few precious relics, and some books and manuscripts, which were confided by Dom Lemaire, the last Abbot of Fécamp, to the care of a M. Legrand, whose family had long been connected with the Abbey. One of the successors of this M. Legrand, in 1863, while engaged in researches among the books and manuscripts of the Abbey library which had come down to him, lighted on Vincelli's secret in a faded, time-yellowed manuscript, curiously inscribed. He at once made his discovery known, and proceeded to utilise it by restoring to the world the famous liqueur "*Benedictine*." The ingredients of the modern "*Benedictine*" liqueur are aromatic herbs and cognac, in accordance with the original receipt, using the same sea-impregnated and sun-warmed herbs as those from which Bernard Vincelli distilled his elixir. The vast cellars of the establishment, excavated from the solid rocks at some remote period in the history of the old abbey, formed broad and perfect galleries, intersected by smaller vaults—a perfect labyrinth of subterranean passages. In these cellars the liqueur of modern time is kept in cask for ten months before being bottled.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Duke of Westminster has presented to the National Gallery, so we learn from official authority, the very well-known Hogarth, correctly known as "Calais Gate," familiarly admired as "The Roast Beef of Old England," which was purchased by his Grace some three years ago. It is understood that the Director of the National Gallery wished to purchase the canvas at the same time, but that funds did not permit the completion of the transaction. The picture is at present at Chester, having been lent by the Duke for a local exhibition. The Trustees have just acquired by purchase, of Messrs. Dowdeswell, Ibbetson's "Smugglers on the Irish Coast," painted in 1808.

The Huth sale came to a conclusion without any very sensational results. All that the prices given for different pictures declared was

This is to deal merely with the drawings. Of pictures, among English painters it is interesting to note that George Morland, J. Holland, and J. Linnell have increased their popularity, and that C. Baxter, Sir David Wilkie, and W. Etty have retreated many steps. Thus, Morland's "The Cottage Door," which thirty-five years ago only fetched the sum of £85, this year succeeded in obtaining a bidder for 140 guineas; a Venetian subject by Holland, which in 1869 fetched a sum of £102 18s., now sells for 500 guineas; and a landscape by Linnell, which in 1863 fetched £138 12s., now succeeds in securing the sum of 550 guineas.

In 1861 Wilkie's "The Errand Boy" sold for £456 15s., a sum which was then generally regarded as a sign of Wilkie's popularity and



"O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."—WILLIAM HOGARTH.
PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

that some English painters had increased, some had decreased in popularity. The drawings by Turner showed, on the whole, an increase in popularity. It is true that one drawing, which in 1861 sold for £158 11s.—entitled "The Bass Rock"—went the other day for no more than £110 5s.; but, as a set-off against this, the drawing entitled "Portsmouth," which in 1859 went for £107, sold on this occasion for 248 guineas; and the other drawing, "London, from Battersea," which even in 1860 fetched a sum of £315, has now been sold for something better than £50 more. The actual price was 350 guineas.

The work of W. Hunt shows a distinct falling-off in popularity. Of two fruit subjects sold on this occasion, one, which had gone for a sum of £189 some twenty years ago, was now allowed to sell at some thirty guineas less; and the other, which in 1874 had sold for £109 4s., now fetched no more than £50 8s. It may also be noticed, by the way, that the late Mr. Birket Foster's "Primrose Gatherers," which, in 1867, fetched the sum of £199, this year realised no more than 120 guineas, a disproportion which is very significant.

excellence; four years later the same picture sold for the sum of £1102 10s., in itself a very remarkable price, and the sign of an even more remarkable change of feeling during a very brief space of time. This year the same picture realised the sum of 810 guineas, which we imagine to be about the reasonably medium price which it happens to be worth. It only remains to add, in the tag-end of this comparative list, that Baxter's "Lady with Fan," which thirty years ago sold for 115 guineas, sold the other day for no more than 44 guineas, and that Etty's "Cupid Angling," which in 1853 sold for £325, this year sold for £267 10s.

It is, of course, the season for sales. The Huth sale at Christie's, if not exactly rivalled by subsequent sales at Sotheby's, at all events found in these no bad second. American and Continental dealers found it worth their while to attend on these latter occasions, on one of which a nearly complete set of Méryon's etchings was disposed of, together with many impressions from Turner's "Liber Studiorum," and some drawings by Ruskin.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN ENEMY OF NAPOLEON.*

This book is rightly regarded by its editor as the most formidable indictment of the man for whom M. Duruy has a profound veneration. There is no other instance in history of an editor launching at the memory he most highly esteems a bolt which he believes to have been forged by a miscreant. Barras loathed Napoleon, and left his Memoirs to his faithful executor, Rousselin de St Albin, as an instrument of revenge. St. Albin also hated Bonaparte, but was restrained by prudential reasons from fulfilling his friend's bequest. The Memoirs came into the hands of M. Duruy, a strenuous Imperialist, and it is he who gives them to the world, sixty-six years after the death of their author, because he believes they represent the worst that malignity can say against Napoleon, and that their sting is already dead. The root of Barras's venom was in the overthrow of the Directory on the Eighteenth Brumaire, when his own resignation was extorted by threats, and when Bonaparte's triumph led to the establishment of the Consulate. Barras, as principal Director, was superseded by Bonaparte as First Consul. These transactions are not touched in the volumes of the Memoirs now before us, but they furnish the key to the implacable animosity with which Barras regarded Napoleon to the last. This is a natural, if unamiable, sentiment, when you consider that, at the siege of Toulon, where Bonaparte gained his first success, Barras was the chief representative of the National Convention and his rival was an obscure lieutenant of artillery; that when the most dangerous insurrection in Paris after Robespierre's death was suppressed, Barras was in command of the Government troops and Bonaparte was his aide-de-camp; that it was to Barras the "Little Corporal" owed various steps of promotion, including the command of the army in Italy, which established the young conqueror's fame. Naturally, Barras considered himself the greater man and the purer patriot; and to be deposed by the adventurer whom he had lifted out of poverty and insignificance was an injury he could not forgive.

In analysing the historical value of these Memoirs, a distinction must be drawn between the events which concerned Bonaparte and the events which did not. In the first category, Barras loses his head. Whenever he thinks of the man who became Emperor and subjugated Europe, he is transported with fury. A prominent member of the Convention during the Terror, he weeps for the victims of Napoleon's ambition. The heads that fell daily, for eighteen months, in the Place de la Révolution, did not excite his qualms; but he cannot think without horror of the slaughter on Napoleon's battlefields. His description of the fall of the Bastille is penned solely that he may draw a parallel between Bonaparte and the infamous Marquis de Sade, who came out of the historic prison. De Sade was a criminal lunatic, who tortured people to death for the gratification of an inhuman sensuality; and Barras gravely contends that the military glory of the Emperor was a mania equally devilish. Another parallel is drawn between Bonaparte and Marat. Robespierre, too, is pressed into the service of vilification. The blackest monster of the Terror was, in Barras's opinion, less culpable than the soldier of fortune who exhausted France by conscription, and made and unmade kings at his pleasure. From the altitude of this arraignment Barras descends, as the whim seizes him, to the pettiest innuendo. Bonaparte in his early days repeatedly helped himself to clothes at the cost of the Republic. He neglected to pay the printer's bill for his Jacobin pamphlet. He made fiery speeches in *cafés*, "where he would leave unpaid the refreshments rendered necessary by the heat of his conversation." When invited by the affable Barras to dinner, he wore a tattered coat. He was eternally intriguing for his own ends, an occupation for which the patriotic Barras had no relish. When Barras suppressed the insurrection in Paris by one simple order, the emanation of true and unselfish genius, the truckling Bonaparte pressed his hand, and said, "This saves the Republic." Unable to convict this pretender of any direct responsibility for the Terror, Barras remembers, however, that Bonaparte often expressed the most bloodthirsty sentiments against the

aristocrats. Every detail that a frenzied hate can twist to Bonaparte's detraction is employed in these Memoirs, till the iteration becomes tedious. Worst of all is the attack through the character of Josephine. Everybody knows that when she married Bonaparte, Josephine was not spotless, but everybody also knows that, in the early days at all events, her "Little General" was sincerely devoted to her. Yet Barras describes with a cynical effrontery, almost passing belief, a scene in which Josephine lavished on him in his private cabinet the wildest excesses of passion, while Bonaparte waited in the salon, and, when the pair reappeared, bearing unmistakable signs of the nature of the interview, he kissed Josephine's hand, moving the fastidious Barras to "an impulse of disgust." If everything else failed, this passage of the "Memoirs" would leave no shadow of doubt as to the character of the writer. It may be quite true that Bonaparte was a consummate expert in double-dealing, and that every act of his life has been enveloped by himself or his devoted chroniclers in clouds of mystification or chicanery. But

nobody who has read Barras would dream of accepting him as a judge of the stupendous genius who electrified the world and left him to mumble his rage in a note-book. The decisive vindication of the Eighteenth Brumaire, whatever may be thought of Bonaparte's desertion of the army in Egypt, is that the Directory had grossly mismanaged affairs, that Barras and his colleagues were unequal to their duty, and that only a man of supreme capacity and will could save France from the abyss of intestine discord. Napoleon ruined himself by insane adventure, but he re-created his country, and consolidated the fragments of the Revolution in institutions which, in laws, commerce, and general administration, represent the France we know to-day.

When Barras is not thinking of Bonaparte, however, he writes with acumen and intimate knowledge, and his account of the events that culminated in the Terror, his portraiture of Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety, his picture of the chaos in which personal vengeance became the sole instrument of government, are marvellously graphic. No historian has so vividly depicted the fall of Danton, the impeachment of Robespierre, the climax of the Ninth Thermidor, when the arch-Terrorist, concerting with his friends a last appeal to the passions of the populace, was struck by a bullet in the jaw, just as he was affixing his signature. M. Duruy gives us a facsimile of the frantic document at the bottom of which are the first two letters of Robespierre's name, and then a splash of blood. It will always be doubtful whether

Robespierre had a sudden impulse to suicide, and fired the pistol himself, or whether he was shot by the gendarme Méda, who in after years wrote pamphlets about this alleged achievement. All the drama of these episodes is wonderfully lifelike in Barras's pages. He reproduces scenes in the Convention without any conscious art of narrative, but with the force of actual observation. He has the movement of crowds, the panic of conspirators, the life and colour of the incidents in which he played a conspicuous and by no means an inglorious part. There is no reason to doubt that his personal decision hastened the overthrow of Robespierre, and the simple fact that he kept his head on his shoulders through this troublous time argues capacity and coolness. Barras describes a visit to Robespierre's house, when the Dictator performed his toilet in grim silence while the visitors expostulated with him, and nothing came from his lips but a bilious froth. There is a sketch of Fouquier-Tinville, with his portfolio full of fresh lists of condemned men, conspicuous, as Barras pointed out, for their absolute devotion to the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville takes a pen and scratches out the names as suavely as if he were a chief cashier rectifying a clerical error. Equally interesting is the story of the Diamond Necklace, a story told often enough, but never so pithily and luminously. Barras was not a great statesman; he was quite incompetent to restore order to France after so tremendous a convulsion as the Revolution: he was often a liar, and seldom a gentleman, though he boasted his pedigree and his "principles of chivalry"; but he was less bloody-minded than most of the Jacobins; he was a shrewd observer; and his handsome opinion of himself, and his low opinion of Napoleon, add piquancy to Memoirs which yield to no contemporaneous record in variety of interest. A.



BARRAS IN THE COSTUME OF A DIRECTOR, 1799.

* "Memoirs of Barras," Edited by George Duruy. Translated by Charles E. Roche. Vols. I. and II. London: Osgood, Melville, and Co.

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The curiously named play, by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Charles Marlowe, produced at the Vaudeville on June 26, has caught so much favour of the public that it seems not unlikely to survive even the theatrical disaster in shape of a General Election that threatened it. Certainly, if laughter of the audience be test of the merits of a farce, "Miss Brown" is a capital work, and surely, save when the laughter comes from unseemly humours, it is the true test. No one can pretend that Miss Brown is a shocking young lady; and though she and the other characters are very old friends, their welcome is warm. The acting, of course, plays a great part in the success. Mr. Fred Kerr is perhaps less funny than is conceivable as the masquerading officer: nevertheless, he is amusing; and Miss May Palfrey, as his energetic bride, shows unexpected talent as an actress. Miss Esmé Beringer makes, perhaps, the hit of the evening by her charming, clever work. Mr. Lal Brough, of course, excites roars of laughter as a thick-headed detective, and Mr. Robb Harwood, though his dialect is fantastic, once more shows himself to be a character-actor of great skill. Here is the cast—

Miss Romney	...	Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Angela Brightwell	...	MISS MAY PALFREY.
Euphemia Schwartz	...	MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.
Matilda Jones	...	MISS DAISY BROUGH.
Millicent Loveridge	...	MISS JAY HOLFORD.
Clara Loveridge	...	MISS GRACE DUDLEY.
Mrs. O'Gallagher	...	MISS GLADYS HOMFREY.
Emma	...	MISS MARION MURRAY.
Major O'Gallagher	...	MR. J. BEAUCHAMP.
Private Docherty	...	MR. POWER.
Herr von Moser	...	MR. ROBB HARWOOD.
Mr. Hibbertson	...	MR. GILBERT FARQUHAR.
Sergeant Tanner	...	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.
Captain Courtenay	...	MR. FREDERICK KERR.



MISS BROWN (MR. FRED KERR).

"By Jove! I'll go through with it!"



MAJOR O'GALLAGHER (MR. J. BEAUCHAMP), AND PRIVATE DOCHERTY (MR. POWER).



MISS BROWN AND THE MAJOR.

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS BROWN AND ANGELA (MISS MAY PALFREY).

MISS BROWN: "*A nice kind of honeymoon we're having!*"



MISS BROWN, SERGEANT TANNER (MR. LIONEL BROUGH), AND ANGELA.

ANGELA: "*Now let's put them on.*"



VON MOSER (MR. ROBB HARWOOD), AND ANGELA.

VON MOSER: "*Ach! if you could see mein soul!*"



THE MAJOR AND MRS. O'GALLAGHER (MISS GLADYS HOMFREY).

THE MAJOR: "*Julia, you're a wonder!*"

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



SERGEANT TANNER, MISS BROWN, AND MISS SCHWARTZ
(MISS ESMÉ BERINGER).

MISS SCHWARTZ: "Can you make rings with smoke?"



MAJOR AND MRS. O'GALLAGHER, CAPTAIN COURTENAY, AND
ANGELA.

THE MAJOR: "Your health, Mrs. Courtenay."



MRS. O'GALLAGHER, MR. HIBBERTSON (MR. GILBERT FARQUHAR),
AND MISS ROMNEY (MISS M. A. VICTOR).



MISS ROMNEY AND HER PUPILS WATCHING MISS BROWN
AND ANGELA.

SOME FAMOUS DANCERS.

If the complaint of the actor of the evanescence of his fame—of the impossibility of preserving, for the admiration of future generations, any real record of the beauty of his elocution, the grace of his action, the brilliancy of his comedy, or the fire of his tragedy—be in any way a just one, how much sadder is the fate of the dancer! It is possible to give some idea of the great players. Colley Cibber's brilliant description of Betterton, Booth, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and their scarcely less famous companions, gives us a very vivid impression of their manner and their triumphs; while, to come to later times, Professor Bell's minute analysis of Mrs. Siddons's playing almost makes the great actress live and move before us. But, with a dancer, what is there to record except a general statement that she was graceful and handsome and danced divinely? One cannot dilate upon the exact angle of a pointed toe, or explain why one particular angle or curve was so far superior to every other angle or curve. If high-kicking were an essential part of graceful dancing, it might be possible to convey some idea of altitude; but it is gymnastics rather than art that can be measured by feet and inches. If, again, we come to the technical description of a dancer's powers, we plunge into a perfect morass of terms in various languages which would puzzle a professor of foreign tongues. For example, we find it stated that a certain lady was "a dancer of the *demi-caractère*." How many of us know what this doubtful-looking term means? I confess to blank ignorance when I first saw the phrase. But I found that it implied that the dancer was "perfect in those beautiful little half-steps which, more than any other, correspond to the epithet 'twinkling,' lavished by poets on the feet of graceful dancers." So I suppose the reference is to those mincing little steps which every *première danseuse* introduces.

Even the names of famous dancers are not household words, as are those of even second-rate actors and singers. When we mention Taglioni, Duvernay, Noblet, Fanny Elssler, Carlotta Grisi, and Francesca Cerito, we may almost say that we exhaust the names known to even theatrically inclined folks; while the ordinary lay mind would be exhausted probably by the mention of the first-named dancer, whose death occurred so recently as 1884, although her career on the stage dated back to 1822. Like many celebrated dancers, Marie Taglioni became famous at a bound, when, at the age of eighteen, she appeared in Vienna in a ballet arranged by her father, who was himself a dancer. Her first appearance in England took place in 1829 at the King's Theatre, and she also appeared under the management of Bunn, who gives us some particulars regarding the salary required by this "Spirit of the Air." For herself, she was to receive one hundred pounds each night she danced, and to have two benefits, which the manager guaranteed to produce a thousand pounds. Her father received six hundred pounds for acting as ballet-master during her visit, and her brother and sister-in-law were engaged to support her at a salary of nine hundred pounds. Small wonder that the "Spirit of the Air" amassed a large fortune, which she lost, poor lady, through the Franco-German War. But, popular as she was at the time Bunn engaged her, the climax of her London popularity was not reached till 1845, under the management of Benjamin Lumley, when her triumph in the "Pas de Quatre" of Perrot eclipsed all her former achievements. Lumley, who seems to have been a manager of courage and taste, always had rather an embarrassment of riches in the way of singers and dancers during the twenty years of his management of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the season of 1845 was no exception to the rule. Lucille Grahn and Cerito were with the manager early in the season; Carlotta Grisi and Taglioni were under engagement to appear. The idea struck Lumley of uniting them in one unparalleled combination, and his clever ballet-master, Perrot, arranged a *divertissement* in which, in addition to their combined movements, each was to have an opportunity of dancing in the particular style she most affected. It can easily be understood that the difficulty of bringing into one piece four dancers of almost equal eminence—four queens upon one throne—was almost insuperable. A famous diplomatist who arranged the elaborate ceremonials and festivities at Milan when the Emperor of Austria was crowned King of Lombardy,

declared that he had a hundred times more trouble and worry over a *pas de deux* to be danced by Cerito and Grisi than over the whole arrangements of the elaborate festivities. How hopeless, then, must Lumley's project appear! But he succeeded. The *divertissement* was put into rehearsal, and was publicly announced. On the morning of its production, the manager was engaged in a very important legal consultation. Suddenly, his door burst open, and in bounded his ballet-master, despairing. He tore his hair, he uttered incoherent exclamations, he wept, and, when he subsided, he explained that the ladies would not agree on the order in which their solo dances were to come. Taglioni's claims to the best position—that is, to dance last—were admitted by the other three; but who was to dance her *solo* second last was the point of difficulty. None of them would admit, by dancing first, that she was of least importance. As poor Perrot exclaimed: "Cerito ne veut pas commencer avant Carlotta—ni Carlotta avant Cerito, et il n'y a pas moyen de les faire bouger; tout est fini!" Then had Lumley an inspiration, and he said: "Let the oldest lady take her unquestionable right to the envied position." Perrot communicated this masterly solution of the difficulty to the contending nymphs, who were then as eager to decline the honour as they had previously been to seize it, and the arrangement was ultimately left in the ballet-master's hands. The success of this famous

dance is a matter of history. It created a frenzy of interest and admiration. "From the palace to the shop-counter," says Lumley, with pardonable exaggeration, "the 'Pas de Quatre' was the great topic of the day, to the exclusion of every interest, however serious. The excitement crossed the Channel. Foreign papers circulated histories and descriptions of its wonders. Foreign Courts received, along with official despatches, detailed accounts of its extraordinary captivations. It was literally a European event!"

In addition to the print of the "Pas de Quatre," separate portraits are given of the four ladies who danced in it. Taglioni was the oldest of these. Next to her in age came Carlotta Grisi, who was born in 1815, and who was the wife of Perrot; then came Cerito, six years younger, who made her first appearance in 1835, and was so charming that she was called "the fourth Grace." Youngest of all was Lucille Grahn, a Dane by birth, who was said to combine the "ideal" school of Taglioni with the "realistic" school of Cerito and the sprightliness of Carlotta Grisi, adding something of the pantomimic art of Fanny Elssler—which seems, if the expression may be pardoned, to be "rather a large order." Edmund Yates, who saw this famous ballet, described Lucille Grahn as one of the tallest of women, but extraordinarily graceful. Fanny Elssler, to whom I have alluded, was the greatest pantomimic artist of these famous

dancers. Lumley considered her "the only artist of the century, perhaps, who combined, in so striking a degree, the two talents of actress and dancer." Of course, in those days, the ballets were not mere dances—they were *ballets d'action*, in which a story, humorous or tragic, was told in pantomime. In either sock or buskin, Elssler shone supreme, her intensity in tragic situations being only equalled by her brilliant and refined humour. It is rather curious that, in spite of her attractiveness and her numerous offers of marriage, Fanny Elssler remained single. Her elder sister, Theresa, also a famous dancer, contracted a morganatic marriage with Prince Adalbert of Prussia in 1851, and was afterwards ennobled.

Besides these great artists, Lumley had under his management a large number of dancers who were of a high order of merit. Most prominent among them were Louise Fleury and Guy Stephan. Mdlle. Plunkett was, in her early years, a member of Lumley's company, but the conjunction was not favourable. The manager's sole reference to this fair lady is in connection with a serious display of insubordination, in which she and Mdlle. Scheffer must have been ringleaders, for he cancelled their engagements, "in spite of the protecting influence thrown round the young ladies." Mdlle. Plunkett, it may be worth noting, was the sister of Madame Doche, the famous Marguerite Gautier in "La Dame aux Camélias." The prints of the famous dancers of last century—Bacelli, Heinel, and Simonet—are interesting as showing the change in costume which has taken place, while that of Hiligsberg is chiefly notable for its ungracefulness.

R. W. L.



Grisi. Taglioni. Grahn. Cerito.
JULES PERROT'S "PAS DE QUATRE," DANCED AT HER MAJESTY'S, 1845.
From a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.



Mlle. PLUNKETT, of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, 1851.



FANNY CERITO in "ONDINE, ou LA NAIADE," 1843.



Mlle. HULLIN, KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET. 1822.



FANNY ELSSLER.



Mlle. HILIGSBERG in "LE JALOUX PUNI," 1791.



LOUISE FLEURY in "THE BEAUTY OF GHEENT," 1811.



LUCILE GRAHN in "CATARINA, ou LA FILLE DU BANDIT," 1846.



TAGLIONI.—AFTER A. E. CHALON, 1845.



PAULINE LEROUX in "THE DEVIL IN LOVE," 1811.



MADAME SIMONET IN "NINETTE À LA COUR," 1781.



MDLE. HEINEL, 1772.



BACELLI IN "LES AMANS SURPRIS," 1781.



DOÑA PETRA CAMERA.



CARLOTTA GRISI, PAS DE CHALE, 1843.



ELIZA HARDING IN "THE PHANTOM DANCERS," 1847.

MDLE. ELIZA FORGEOT, OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS,
LONDON, 1845.

CLARA WEBSTER IN "THE STATUTE FAIR," 1845.

MADAME GUY STEPHAN IN THE DANCE "LAS BOLERAS
DE CADIZ," 1844.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."



A STUBBORN VOTER.

ENTHUSIASTIC CANVASSER: "I have called to ask Mr. Smith to vote for the Liberal candidate."

SURLY LANDLADY: "'E don't vote."

ENTHUSIASTIC CANVASSER: "But isn't that a pity? Do tell him that he should always exercise his rights of citizenship. Perhaps he will vote this time."

SURLY LANDLADY: "'E never 'as voted, and 'e won't vote now."

ENTHUSIASTIC CANVASSER: "Will you ask him to see me? I am sure I could persuade him."

SURLY LANDLADY: "Yer can't see 'im. 'E's been dead and buried these six months."



A MORNING DIP.

THE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES.

If you had been in the French Room at the St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, you would have found yourself listening to the story for the year of the Home of Rest for Horses. Why does such a place exist? you ask. Well, there are three excellent reasons. First, to enable the poorer classes to procure, on moderate terms, rest and good treatment for animals that are failing, not from age, but from overwork, or other accidental causes, and are likely to be benefited by a few weeks' rest and care. A little timely relief of this kind will enable many failing horses to do further work, with comfort, for years, and thus save their owners unnecessary outlay in purchasing others. Secondly, to provide, for poor persons, animals for temporary use while their own are resting at the Home, a small amount being charged for such loans, and a strict guarantee of good treatment being exacted. Thirdly, to provide a suitable asylum for "old favourites" that would suffer by being turned out only to grass, but whose owners, instead of destroying or selling them for further labour, desire to place them under good treatment for the remainder of their days, paying a remunerative charge for such accommodation.

Of course, when first the Home was started, the public laughed at it. The British public, indeed, and also a small section of the British Press,

only, like the late Lord George Bentinck, give vent to a "superb groan," and inwardly regret again that a few more of the modern coachmen, grooms, and stablemen are not constructed upon a like capital pattern; while he may unconsciously wish, too, that the breed of idiots who know as much about a horse as they know about a steam-engine, and treat the one with about as much consideration as they would treat the other, cannot become extinct.

Naturally, the class of men who derive most benefit from the Home are cabdrivers, and the secretary of the Home, Mr. S. Sutherland Safford, secretary also of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, cannot easily be imposed upon by any ill-conditioned driver anxious to take a mean advantage of the benefits held out by the society. The following are the rules with regard to the admission of horses requiring treatment: First, a poor person, upon obtaining a subscriber's letter, is entitled to have his animal examined free of charge, and, if the case is a suitable one, admitted into the Home, subject to the payment of half-a-crown a week, which will include loose-box, veterinary treatment and attendance, forage and grazing, secondly, if the owner presents two subscribers' letters, he can, if the case be approved, put his animal in the Home entirely free of expense; thirdly, donkeys, the property of costermongers and others, are received, upon receipt of a subscriber's letter, for treatment and rest, entirely free of expense to the owner; fourthly, no animal



PATERFAMILIAS: "Oh, what a surprise!"

have a peculiar trick of sneering and jeering at every institution of a novel kind, and, it may be added, of striving to bring into ridicule every new invention. It often happens, however, that the establishments at first most laughed at ultimately prove to be the most beneficial. Such, undoubtedly, has been the case with regard to this Home of Rest for Horses, which is situated at Friars Place Farm, close to the Acton Great Western Railway Station and within four miles of the Marble Arch, and which, from being held up to contempt, has come to be praised upon every side as one of the most useful and well-managed humane institutions of the day.

It is to the late Miss A. Lindo that this delightful Home—lying, so it would seem when you are there, far from any town of importance—owes its origin. It was opened on Nov. 19, 1886, and from the very beginning it has been a success. At the present time many horses are spending a blissful existence within its cosy stalls and boxes, the majority of these animals being worn-out workers that have richly earned their period of rest and idleness, one old rascal, indeed, with teeth perhaps the longest ever seen, being upwards of forty years of age.

Since the Home was opened, nearly nine hundred animals have been admitted; and here it may be well to mention that their happiness has been greatly increased by the excellent care bestowed upon them by the stud-groom—or perhaps, he should be called head manager—Davis by name, late of the 4th Dragoon Guards, as well as by the grooms under his charge. A more excellent, trustworthy, and painstaking man, or one as well suited to the post, it would be hard to find; and the visitor, upon noticing the careful way in which all details are attended to, can

can be received into the Home if it be suffering from infectious disease, if it requires "firing," or has just been "fired," or if it be suffering from a quitter, or if it be likely to need more than six weeks' treatment and rest. Consequently, no animal can be accepted that has not been passed by the veterinary surgeon.

An annual subscriber of ten shillings, or a donor of five pounds, in one payment, becomes a member of the society. Visitors can inspect the Home daily, except on Sundays, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. in summer, or between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. in winter, upon obtaining an order from the secretary or a member of the committee.

The Duke of Portland is the president of the Home. Among the names of the vice-presidents may be mentioned the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Charles Beresford, and Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. The Duchess of Portland is a patroness, as are also the Duchess of Wellington, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Charles Beresford, and many more leaders of society. Among the other patronesses are Miss Rhoda Broughton and Mrs. Pinero, whose husband, it may be remembered, once wrote a play, "The Hobby Horse," about a certain home for superannuated jockeys, and who last year presented a horse to the Loan Stud. The committee which manages the Home is composed at present of thirteen members—eighteen is the maximum number. Lord Brassey and Mr. Jacob Montefiore are the trustees; Mr. Thomas Batt, M.R.C.V.S., and Mr. Sidney Villar, F.R.C.V.S., the veterinary surgeons; while the secretary, as already mentioned, is Mr. S. Sutherland Safford.

B. T.

MISS NITA CARLYON.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE MAN WHO DID NOT.

TIME—*Early Spring.*SCENE I.—*THE MAN's chambers in Doven Street, Piccadilly. On a sofa in front of the fire THE MAN, idly turning over a heap of unopened letters. At his elbow a girl, holding a tray.*THE MAN (*wearily*). Well, what is it, Sallie?

SALLIE. Your egg-flip, Sir.

THE MAN. Was it five or ten minutes ago you brought me the beef-tea?

SALLIE (*resolutely*). The doctor said you were to continue the nourishment every two hours, Sir, until you regained your strength. Miss Mansell called this morning, Sir.THE MAN (*brightening*). Miss Mansell!—any message?

SALLIE. She said she was glad you were so much better, and sorry not to see you before leaving town. She is going abroad to-morrow.

THE MAN (*starting up*). To-morrow! She has called several times?

SALLIE. About once a week, Sir.

THE MAN (*strolling to the window*). What sort of a day is it out? I think a breath of fresh air would do me good. I'll just go for a turn.SALLIE (*vehemently*). You will not dream of going out, Sir. The doctor said in a week, at the earliest, and then only on a fine, warm day.THE MAN (*good-humouredly*). Dr. Fenimore and you are in a conspiracy to keep me an invalid for life. Get me my great-coat, if you like.SALLIE (*returning with the coat on her arm, and a white knitted comforter, anxiously*). You will only go a very little way, Sir, won't you? And you will wear this round your neck; it's a cold east wind.THE MAN (*waving it away*). No, no, Sallie! A great-coat is a concession, but I draw the line at comforters. [*Goes out*]SALLIE (*bursting into tears*). And I've sat up all night, working at it for him. If he's gone to see that Miss Mansell—a proud, stuck-up thing, with her white face and great staring blue eyes—I hate her! Coming here every day with her flowers and her messages! He's never had one of them—I took care of that. I've saved his life, and I've more right to him than she has. I wonder if he's gone there? Where's her note? (*Draws a small three-cornered letter from her pocket, and reads.*) "We hope you will come to see us as soon as you are well enough. We have been so anxious about you! We do not leave town till next week." "We," indeed! A lot her pa knows about it. There! it can go after the flowers. (*Throws it into the fire.*) [*Exit, drying her eyes on the comforter.*]SCENE II.—*Drawing-room at —, Belgrave Square. In a low chair the Honourable Stella Mansell, with a book in her hand.*STELLA (*yearning*). What is the good of being an heiress and an only child, and having one's own way in everything, if one can't have the only thing one cares for? (*Throws the book down*) How dull and stupid everything is! I wonder if he will answer my note. He might send me a line, or even a message. I can't keep Papa in town much longer, but to go abroad without seeing him after all these weeks of suspense—BUTLER (*throwing open the door*). Mr. Eversleigh.THE MAN (*stepping eagerly towards her*). I came to thank—why, what is the matter, Ste—Miss Mansell?STELLA (*faltering*). Nothing. I—you—you look so pale, Mr. Eversleigh. I did not expect you quite so soon.

THE MAN. I was anxious to see you before you went abroad. I wanted to explain about that evening. I was to have had that dance, you know.

STELLA (*looking away*). I kept it for you till the last moment. Then someone told me you had gone home ill. Papa and I felt very anxious about you, naturally. But one is so helpless when people are ill, one cannot even see them. It is such cruel suspense—I—THE MAN (*taking her hand*). Stella, there was something I wanted to tell you that night; I must tell it you now, before you go away. I have no right, but— (*Starts up, putting his hand to his head.*)STELLA (*agitatedly*). George, what is it? Oh, George, you frighten me! George, why don't you speak—oh, darling, darling, what is it?THE MAN (*muttering to himself*). What a fool I was to come out before I was sure of my strength! I am going to faint and make a scene here at her house. I must get away; everything's going round me. (*Shakes her off, and says in a stiff, strained voice.*) I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me now, Miss Mansell. I will call again, or write. Good-bye! (*Exit hastily.*)STELLA. How extraordinary! What can it mean? "Call again, or write," after what I said. Oh! George, is it possible that you do not care for me, after all? Was that what you were going to tell me—that there was someone else? And I have shown you that I care for you. I shall never get over it—never forgive myself. (*Steps out on to the balcony*) There he goes! Why, what is he doing? A lady in a brougham—he has driven away with her. She must have been waiting for him. I see it all. (*Returns to the drawing-room, and sinks down on a chair, sobbing.*)SCENE III.—*Handsome villa, standing in its own grounds at St. John's Wood. Expensively decorated boudoir; lady to match. THE MAN reclining on a couch; brandy-and-soda and smelling-salts on a table.*THE MAN (*sitting up languidly*). How did I come here? I'm afraid I've given you a great deal of trouble. I am all right now, thanks.LADY (*pressing him gently back on the cushions*). You have forgotten me, George, but I remembered you the instant I saw you in Belgrave Square. You were a little faint, so I asked you to get into my carriage,

and you went off—dead—with your head on my shoulder. It reminds me of the old, old days to have you here. Don't you know me yet?

THE MAN (*smiling*). You are Susie Vinten—at least, you were. I don't know what your name may be now. The last time I saw you was the evening before I left college. You boxed my ears—most unjustly, wasn't it?—and you said you would never speak to me again.SUSIE (*gaily*). And I meant it, too—at the time. Though it was not so much what you had done as what you had not done. I was—a little bit—fond of you in those days, George; and you were—well—rather aggravating, you know.

THE MAN. Did you marry Tommy Taplow? You said you would.

SUSIE. No, I didn't marry Tommy, I—changed my mind. Look here, what have you been doing to yourself? You are all to pieces.

THE MAN. I have been ill, that's all. I think I must get home now.

SUSIE. Nothing of the sort! You will just stay and dine here, and I'll take you back in the brougham afterwards. Or, better still, stay a few days. You want looking after, and I owe you something for that box on the ears, don't I, George? (*Lays her hand on his hair.*)

THE MAN. You have got something better to do than nursing an uninteresting invalid. Besides, what would you—people say?

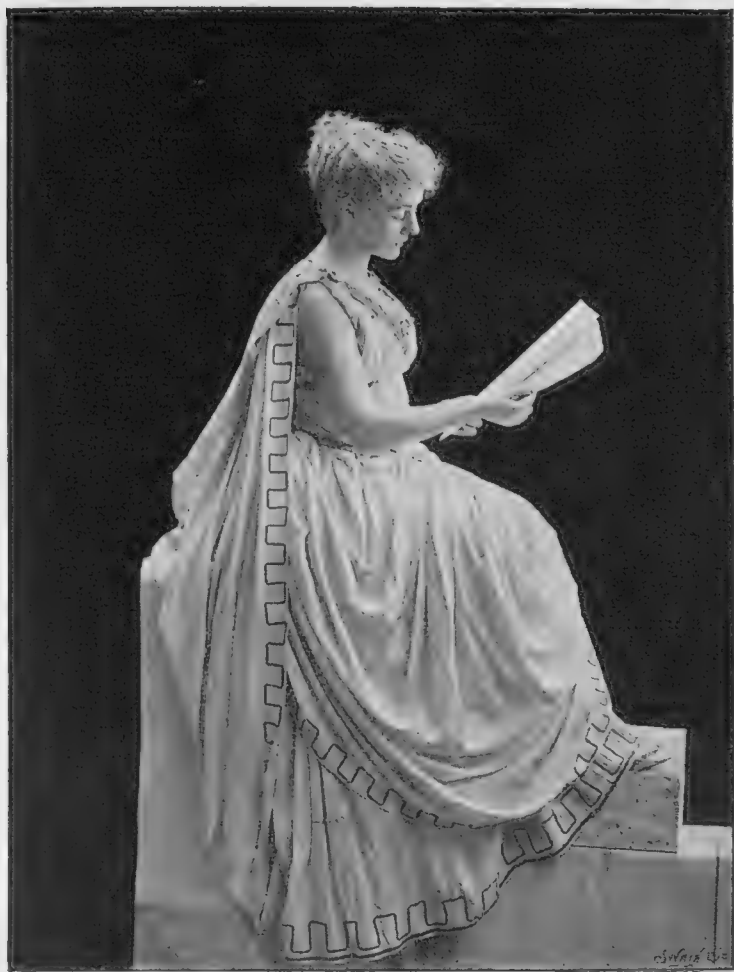
SUSIE (*airily*). Oh! I haven't got any people—at least, none to speak of—and there's no time so good as the present. I have nothing to do for the next two or three weeks, and—I liked you better than Tommy, George—I'm not sure I did not like you—best of all.THE MAN (*taking her hands*). Good-bye, Susie; I can't stay another minute—I have just remembered a very important letter that must be written and sent off to-night. I must go now—I positively must.SUSIE (*looking after him*). Just as aggravating as ever!SCENE IV.—*The next morning, —, Down Street.*THE MAN (*packing up a Gladstone, and soliloquising*). Oh! by-the-bye, I must not forget Sallie, poor little girl! She has done her best for me, though I wish she had just left me alone. I should have gone out altogether then, and it would have saved a lot of bother. (*Takes cheque-book to writing-table, and fills in a cheque. Rings the bell.*)(*Enter WILLIAMS, the head-porter.*) Yes, Sir.THE MAN. I'm going away for a few days, Williams—or a week or two, perhaps. Don't forward my letters unless I write for them. Oh! and, Williams, your little daughter has been very good to me—nursing me, and so on. I shouldn't like her to think me ungrateful; but I'm afraid of offending her. I wish you would take this (*handing the cheque*) and get her some little thing from me that she would like; or perhaps she would care to take a trip into the country—it would do her good after being shut up so much. No thanks; the obligation is on my side entirely. You might call a cab. [*WILLIAMS departs with the bag.*]THE MAN (*drawing a letter from his pocket*). She must have written this directly I left her. I suppose she guessed what I wanted to say. Yet, I could have sworn she cared for me a little that night at the dance, but that's five weeks ago. No doubt she has met someone else since—someone she likes better. (*Opens the letter and reads at intervals*)—

Feel sure it would be best for both of us not to meet again. Already know, or can guess, what you wished to tell me. Sorry to have caused you any distress. Fear you misunderstood me. Leave town early in the morning. Earnest hopes for your future happiness.—Your sincere friend, STELLA MANSELL.

My sincere friend! (*Drops his face into his hands.*)SALLIE (*kneeling at his feet*). Oh, why are you going away? What is the matter with you? What has happened? Don't you know that it will break my heart? I can't part with you! I can't bear you to go! You are not strong enough to go away all alone. Won't you take me with you?THE MAN (*gently stooping and trying to raise her*). My dear little girl! how can I take you with me? You have been a kind, brave, faithful little nurse, and I shall always remember what you have done for me. But I must go away for a time, and get well by myself. There are some ills that can't be cured by nursing, little Sallie.SALLIE (*breaking into passionate tears*). No one loves you as I do. I saved your life. The doctor said so. I love you! Won't you—can't you—marry me? I'd never tell anyone I was your wife if you didn't wish me to, and I'd try to learn to be a lady.THE MAN (*in a low, pained voice*). I am afraid I can't do that, Sallie. I don't feel that I could marry anyone—just now. I should only make you miserable as well as myself.

SALLIE. But I can't do without you. Oh! take me with you. I will be your servant—your slave—anything!

THE MAN (*resolutely*). Sallie, you must not talk like this any more. We have all got to do without the things we want most. I am in the same plight as you, and I am going away to fight it out, and, if I don't succeed, I shall never come back. And you have got to stay and take care of your father. He is old, and you are all he has. Could you forgive yourself if you made his last days wretched? Come (*lifting her to her feet, and laying his hands on her shoulders*), now you are going to be sensible, I know. I see my steady, patient little nurse again. I shall come back cured—if I come back at all—and I shall expect to find you cured as well. And I'm going to forget every word you have just been saying, and you must forgive me, and forget it, too. Good-bye, dear. [*Wrings her hand, and goes out quickly.*]SALLIE (*broken-heartedly*). Not even a kiss, and I've been starving for one. Well, at all events, she hasn't one, either. Oh, why are men so cruel and heartless? They make us love them first, and then they make us hate them. I can't forgive him, nor forget him; but, oh, if I only had more to forgive and forget! DEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.



MRS. PLANT AS GALATEA.



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.



"A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

MADAME MARCHESI.

THE FAMOUS VOICE-TRAINER.

Nearly every girl that one meets in Paris, who has come there to study singing, turns out to be a pupil of the celebrated Madame Marchesi, who is at present staying at the Savoy Hotel with her old pupil, Madame Melba.

There are other teachers, of course, but none so famous or so greatly sought after. She has the reputation of being a lady of very decided character, and a terror to the timid; so it was with some diffidence (says a *Sketch* representative) that I wrote to broach the subject of an interview with her, and with still more diffidence that I presented myself just four-and-twenty hours after the time she had fixed in a belated telegram.

I was shown into a long saloon, which was really three drawing-rooms in one drawing-room—a trinity of drawing-rooms connected by the places where folding-doors had been. The first, where I waited, was of the boudoir order, full of soft sofas and exotic *bikélots*; the second contained only a grand piano, and was evidently the vocal surgery; the third was so far off that I could only discern that it ended in a conservatory.

There was a rustling of black silks in the middle drawing-room, and Madame Marchesi swept in—a tall, distinguished-looking lady, evidently accustomed to hold herself very erect.

I said insinuatingly that I hoped I did not derange her very much by coming at this hour.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur*, you do derange me very much. I am just off to a concert," she replied; but she said it so nicely that the words did not seem rude.

I bowed, and expressed my regrets that the interview must be foregone, as I was leaving Paris that night. She acquiesced, and was about to let me take my leave, when I played my last card, and said a small quarter of an hour would suffice.

"In that case," she answered instantly, and in the tone of a general giving orders on the field of battle, "you may come at five, when I shall be back from my concert. My servant shall be told that, if I am not back, you will wait for me."

At five she was waiting for me, and proceeded to teach me exactly how an interview ought to be conducted. She sat down—or rather, sat bolt upright—on a sofa, and made me sit, immediately opposite her, in an arm-chair.

"Now, take out your paper and pencil," she said (this time in excellent English—she speaks six languages equally well), "for I never say a word to interviewers until they have their pencil and paper ready. Now you want to know about me and my teaching, I suppose? Do you want to know how old I am? I shall only tell you that I am over twenty."

Here I ostentatiously put pencil to paper, but she snatched the paper out of my hand, and said—

"I am not going to let you put that down. You are making fun of me. That is not the way to do an interview!"

Then, as I tried to reassure her, she broke into a sedate laugh, and said—

"After all, that might be a good joke. Here is your paper. You may put down that 'Madame Marchesi said, with a laugh, that she was past twenty years.' Now then! I began as an amateur, and studied singing with Nicolai, the composer of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' Then I sang to Mendelssohn in my native town of Frankfort, and he persuaded me to become an artist. I went to Paris, and studied for four years under the celebrated Garcia. But you can't write like that on your knee! I will get you a book."

She strode across the room, and picked up a French novel in an elaborately embroidered case. As she handed it to me and returned to her sofa, she exclaimed, with much feeling in her voice—

"I hate interviews! Now, to resume," she went on, after a pause and a short, sharp sigh. "From Paris I went to Milan, to make my debut there, but my parents made me sign a letter that I never would go on to the stage. So I went to London to make my debut in concerts. There I had great success, during three years, in English oratorio and miscellaneous concerts. Then I sang in

Germany, and became a great friend of Liszt at Weimar. That friendship lasted till his death. In London I married an Italian political refugee, the Marquis de Castrone, who was singing under the name of Marchesi, and I adopted his professional name. Now you must turn over the page. 'Arrange it all afterwards!' Not a bit of it! I know what 'arranging it afterwards' means. After my marriage I went to Vienna to give concerts. That was in 1854. After giving four concerts I was engaged at the Vienna Conservatoire as a professor. There I remained seven years, producing several stars, including Ilma de Murska, Gabrielle Krauss, who was at the Paris Opera for twelve years; Antonietta Fricci, now first professor at the Turin Conservatoire; Amalie Stahl, and others. Then I went to Paris, as I wanted to sing rather than to teach. I travelled with my husband, giving concerts in various parts of Europe. My health failing, I accepted the position of first professor at Cologne, where I remained three years. Then a deputation recalled me to the Vienna Conservatoire, where I remained thirteen years. Among my pupils during that time were Nevada, Rosa Papier, Caroline Salla, and countless other celebrities.

The death of a daughter made me wish to leave Vienna, and I came and established this school, which has been in existence now for fourteen years. Among my pupils here I must mention Emma Eames, Jane Norwitz, Emma Calvé, Sibyl Sanderson, Mary Howe, Frances Saville, Julia Wyman, and Nellie Melba. I put her last because she is the most successful of them all. They are great names, are they not? You may come into the next room, and look at some of their photographs over the piano. And then you must run away, for your 'small quarter of an hour' has expanded to nearly an hour."

I hurriedly asked for some details of her methods, rules of diet, classes, &c.

"There is not much to tell," she replied, "even if I had time to tell it in. I have fifty pupils, very few of them amateurs. I take only good musicians, and I like to hear them months before they come to me. The only way to learn is in classes. I never give private lessons. I have auditions, to accustom my pupils to face a crowd. I know some teachers have elaborate rules of diet, but that is simply humbug. If a girl has not learnt what food suits her by the time she comes to me, she never will. Another thing is that I never allow my pupils to use their voices more than an hour a day, and I prefer them to split up that hour into four periods of fifteen minutes at different times of the day. Some teachers give three hours; that would ruin any voice. You may mention that I adore teaching, and hope to go on for

many years yet. You know I had a fête the other day for the fortieth anniversary of my teaching. If I had known you then, I would have invited you. Now, good-bye. I know you are going to make fun of me, because you put that down about my age."



Photo by Denque, Paris.

PLAYS IN THE PROVINCES.

Several interesting musical pieces of a more or less light sort have recently been produced in the country, and of these, the penultimate, a three-act romantic comic opera, "Love and War," is being played this week (commencing Monday) at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, while another, "All Abroad," is likely to be seen at the Criterion in the early autumn. "Love and War" has for chief librettist the gentleman with a handle to his name, who styles himself on play-bills Laurence Olde; and his book, in this instance, seems fairly interesting, dealing with naval, and afterwards with Canadian, episodes in the wars of the eighteenth century; while the composer, Mr. Evan Kiefe, has, it is said, written some bright, melodious, and clever music. "Love and War" was originally produced at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, on June 17, and at the same house was given, on April 1, the first representation of "Owen Hall" and James T. Tanner's two-act musical farce, "All Abroad." This piece has been well interpreted in the country by Miss Cissie Grahame's company, and Mr. Charles Wyndham went to Cambridge, some weeks after the production, to witness one of the performances there. A third, of which, possibly, something more may be heard, is "The New Barnaid" (always that adjective, "New"), a "high class, up-to-date vaudeville," by Frederick Bowyer and W. E. Sprange, with music by John Crook.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

A *matinée* audience at a French play in London is always an interesting study. There are very few men in the theatre; as a rule, we reserve our enjoyment of Gallic piquancy till after dinner. The stalls are occupied by women, highly respectable matrons and budding virgins; there are rows of *demoiselles à marier* who follow without a tremor the edifying domestic drama of the French stage; and, between the acts, I hear some blameless collegian of Girton explaining to a less mature companion the exquisite complications which are yet to come. The other afternoon, among the treats in store, were the dance which is known in Paris as the *chahut*, and the sudden collapse of a very ardent love-scene with the intimation from the lady, who is breathless with flight round screens and tables, that she is the illegitimate daughter of the pursuing gallant's papa. Such an entertainment is what you might call a pretty strong order for the *demoiselles à marier*. Perhaps it was of them the Examiner of Plays was thinking when he insisted on certain modifications in "Ma Cousine," though what those modifications were it is difficult to conjecture, unless the Examiner chastened the frolic in the screen scene. I can imagine Mr. Redford saying, with authority, "Whatever happens, no chairs must be overturned. I cannot allow the spectacle of a piece of furniture with its legs in the air to be presented to the innocent gaze of the *matinée* maidenhood."

But the Examiner might have spared himself any moral anxiety and intellectual exertion. The *demoiselles à marier* would not have blenched at the upturned chair, for they received the *chahut* with equanimity, and at the climax of the screen-and-table tournament not one of them turned a hairpin. I need not explain to the sagacious reader that the *chahut* is that delightful evolution of elegance and refinement which he has doubtless admired at the Moulin Rouge. I will not say it is the pink of impropriety, for the colour varies; but theologians may speculate whether it would have shocked the daughter of Herodias; and if Colonel Newcome were among us, I think that, in the interests of comparative decorum, he would prefer the *can-can*. Here the sagacious reader may welcome the opportunity for an essay on the distinction between the *can-can* and the *chahut*; but I shall gratify him only so far as to suggest that, while the *can-can* recalls the plantation ditty of the "Old blind hoss goin' to Jeroosalem"—

Kicked so high,
Put him in a mooseum
Down in Alabama—

the *chahut* is less fitted for a "mooseum" than for that section of a costumier's premises which is known as the "trying-on department." This delicate *nuance*, however, did not flutter the *matinée* maidens. They watched the dance composedly, less with an air of sprightly interest than with a studious intensity. When the curtain came down on the revelation that the lady who had been skipping round what, in the furniture-shops of Tottenham Court Road, they call a *suite*, was the gallant's sister, from which unexpected kinship he deduced a moral obligation to return to his wife, the students folded their programmes with a sigh of contentment, as if something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose.

Even the most self-contained philosopher would be piqued by such a mystery. If "Ma Cousine" were done literally into English, if this new version of the assurance, "I will be a sister to you," familiar to rejected adorers, were sanctioned by the Examiner, *chahut* and all, I suppose the *matinée* virgins would be led out by indignant mammas in a procession of scandalised virtue; or else such awful warnings from "outraged parents" would make lurid the columns of the *Times*, that the *demoiselles à marier* would be carefully secluded from the contamination. There are cynics, no doubt, who will affirm that it would need only a few protesting letters from paterfamilias to fill the stalls; but I cling to the old-fashioned belief that the humours of Meilhac, in the plainest English, would be severely proscribed by Bayswater and Clapham. What, then, is attractive in French for the mothers' and daughters of those haunts of wisdom? I surmise that it is a holy passion for a colloquial intimacy with the French tongue, a passion which purges the Parisian drama of all its earthiness, distilling the pure spirit of idiom. Viewed in this engaging light, the *chahut* is not risky; it is idiomatic. When the *demoiselles à marier* listen to the dialogue in the screen scene, it is of the astonishing combinations of *pouvoir* and *falloir* they are thinking, and not of the wicked father whom Riquette suddenly poses as a moral barrier betwixt herself and the amorous Baron. Bless you! for the studious mind there is nothing irregular in Meilhac except his verbs;

and the doves of Bayswater and Clapham fly home with their pretty beaks full of choice Parisian phrases, which will embellish the domestic nest.

This season is memorable to me for the ubiquity of Mademoiselle Crépon. I have met this lady everywhere, often arrayed in black, sometimes in blue, a *confection*, I think the milliners call it, which reminds me of a sweetmeat dear to my youth. Since Mademoiselle Crépon appeared, femininity has taken on a most seductive envelope, like a perambulating candy, but not so sticky. This is a subject which the mere man touches in fear and trembling; but I cannot help wondering what the leaders of bygone fashions think of Mademoiselle Crépon. What does Madame la Marquise de Moiré-Antique say, and La Maréchale de Bombaziné, and the Duchesse de Sarsnet, and the little Vicomtesse de Tarletan? I mention their titles with diffidence, having small experience of their exalted station; but I suspect they are by no means gratified by Mademoiselle Crépon's popularity. She trips along the street in humble guise; she insinuates herself into the highest circles; and she confers a great boon on the mere man by a simplification of the feminine toilette. As a rule, he is plunged into confusion when any woman asks him how another was dressed. Metaphysics may put him at his ease; he may toy with the differential calculus; but a question about a woman's dress usually reduces him to stammering imbecility. If you see a man in a corner of a crowded room some afternoon, holding his head in his hands, you may be sure that it is no speculation in stocks which is troubling him; it is the horrible thought that, when he reaches his home, his womankind will want details of the toilettes, which he is making a futile attempt to photograph in colours on his retina. At that moment he may be wishing that all women were like Duchess Catherine of Queensberry, who went to a Drawing-Room attired *à la paysanne*, with an apron, and who, when an official at the door of the Presence Chamber objected to the apron, tore it off and threw it in his face. We have not revived the simplicity of Duchess Catherine; but this season, at all events, the mere man is buoyant; for he can meet the inevitable question "How was she dressed?" with "My dear, she was Mademoiselle Crépon!"

The versatility of authors is often amazing, but I have met no example of it so striking as that cited by Mr. Athol Mayhew, in his "Jorum of *Punch*," of his uncle Edward. Edward Mayhew was a playwright, a theatrical manager, and an art critic. There is nothing unparalleled in this combination; but Edward Mayhew went further. "In later life, when he turned veterinary surgeon, he wrote the standard works of his day on the diseases of the horse and the dog." From nursing the drama to diagnosing the dog is a transition which gives a certain quaint persuasiveness to an old lamentation about the decline of the English stage. Was it the spirit of prophecy that turned Edward Mayhew from play-writing to dog-doctoring, or some natural evolution, interesting though obscure? Shall I end my days as an apothecary—"I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells"—who, for the ill things he may have written of some fellow-scribblers, shall be doomed to compound unpleasant potions and sell fly-papers? But the point to be remarked is that Edward Mayhew wrote of horses and dogs with an authority which he did not, perhaps, enjoy in his plays. His more distinguished brother Henry, Mr. Athol Mayhew's father, is much better remembered for his "London Labour and the London Poor" than for his comic journalism, and for his share in the brewing of *Punch*. Horse and dog breeders may owe something to Edward Mayhew to this day, though all trace of him has disappeared from the nursery of the drama and the tribunal of art. This is a reflection which should make the mere *littérateur* pensive.

Into the controversy about Henry Mayhew and the origin of *Punch* I will not enter; but the subject calls to mind the surprise with which I once read the early numbers of that famous periodical. *Punch* was born, Mr. Athol Mayhew tells us, in three tavern parlours, and its beginnings savour of the cheap and facile humour of such resorts. Fleet Street fun in the year 1841 seems to have been a commodity of which the supply was more profuse than the excellence. The jokes of these early numbers are very small beer indeed; even the first contribution of Thackeray is not perceptibly above the general level. It is when you come suddenly upon the "Snob" papers that the hand of the master is visible, and Mr. *Punch*, after mewing his infancy amidst such quips as the announcement that "Mademoiselle Taglioni has left London for Germany, her fatherland, the country of her *pas*," begins to take notice of better things. The distinction between humour and mere verbal crackling, good enough for the tavern parlour, gradually asserts itself, and Mr. *Punch* waxes strong with the genius of Thackeray and the pencil of Leech. No critical reader can follow this development without understanding that, of all the plants in natural history, the comic journal is the most difficult to rear, even by consummate jesters.

THE RISE OF BOSNIA.

I.—THE JOURNEY.

The Balkans have always had an interest for this country, as occupying a somewhat unstable place in the politics of Eastern Europe, but the various provinces combined under the general name have about as much reality for the man in the street as the mythical country in which the Prisoner of Zenda had such a romantic adventure. Thus it was in the spirit of an explorer in No Man's Land that I set out for Bosnia with a friend. The ideas of its inaccessibility were quickly dispelled when I placed myself under the care of the International Sleeping-Car Company, which, by the way, has just published a capital handbook about its system. We made one reach, as yachtsmen say, from London to Vienna, and thence to Budapest. We left the Hungarian capital in the afternoon, chiefly impressed with the sight of a picturesque damsel, who had persuaded a fireman to wash down her feet and ankles with his hose. It was not until midnight that we arrived at the Bosnian frontier and the little town of Brod. They had ferried the train over the Danube in a boat, and thence we had observed the black shapes of dome-like hills rising all about us, and the face of a country whose natural picturesqueness no man may doubt. But at Brod we quitted with many tears the hospitable shelter of the luxurious *restauration* car, and came upon a little train running upon a *mètre gauge*. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que va-t-arriver?*" demanded an angry Frenchman, as he surveyed the proportions of his coach, and was greeted with infinite courtesy by an Austrian officer; but the carping Englishman demanded a regiment of cavalry, and was reassured only when he was told that it was round the corner. And at this we went to bed in a silent melancholy, and for six long hours the incessant *roulement* of which M. Zola complains in "*Lourdes*" was our only impression of La Bosnie.

Next morning, at cock-crow—English time, for no cock crows in Bosnia: he only whispers in a bass voice, as though disgusted with the institutions of the country—we awoke to find ourselves running through a glorious valley, girt about with green heights and fertile landscapes. Maize grew where stretches of plain permitted, but for the most part there was a rugged grandeur of desolation, a belt of mountainous country dotted with villages and hamlets, where the minarets of the mosques rose up with infinite whiteness in the sun, and a stream bubbled and flashed and foamed, and suggested trout at its every bend. Even the discontented scribe of Paris admitted that it was magnificent—and he, to use his own words, was *dévoré*. Another of the industries of Bosnia has been busy during the night, and unhesitatingly we granted its efficiency, and descended at the village of Zanica to fortify ourselves with *café* and our first view of the unspeakable Turk. And we found three of him, better to be observed at a distance, but by no means unpicturesque. We agreed that his divided skirt would, if adopted by a member of the Royal Family, and made *la mode*, speedily ruin the enterprise of the latter-day tailor; and there was an Englishman present who avowed his determination of making the fez popular in Fleet Street. The main part of the company, however, was set upon fortifying itself against the rising horrors of the newly risen sun, itself fortified, perhaps, with liberal potations during the night; and to this end the man who took a prize for German at his grammar-school tried his tongue upon a porter, but with shadowy success, "*Bringen Sie Mir dein Soda-and-Milk?*"

The Turk's intelligence awoke. He nodded his head. He disappeared and reappeared, carrying in his hand a plate of ham and a towel. The pilgrims reluctantly conclude that German as an extra is an extravagance, and go back at the call of the guard's tin trumpet to the compartments wherein the letters B.H. are written and the heat is beyond expression. During six more hours the caravan rolls on, ever following the gorge of the bubbling river, passing as from the first between the verdurous

heights, the bold, cuspidated hills, the fields of maize, the villages where are the minarets, and the undulating plains where the native Bosnian is idling for a living. And as the scene grows in interest, as the grandeur of the landscape deepens, the pessimists are softened, the optimists find their voices, the defenders of the Tyrol even admit that there is something in it, something to boom, a land overflowing with beer and beauty, a land unknown to Western Europe, untouched by the coupon or the conducted party.

Long, however, before our toy-train had brought us to Serajevo, the capital of the province, we were posing as authorities and airing our new-gotten knowledge. Courtous Austrian officials, prefects, captains of companies, put themselves at our disposal. They showed us how that Austria, being given the custody of these States in 1878, had brought peace, if not plenty, to the land; how that she had taken the little Bosnian and washed him, clothed him, watered him, educated him; they demonstrated to us that the children of Mohammed no longer cut the throats of the children of Paul; they proved conclusively that there is now not one brigand in the land. The latter news is depressing. Visions of a hut in the mountains and the chief's daughter, dressed as we have known her upon the stage of the Gaiety, float before our awakened imagination. We search with our eyes every wood that we pass. Is

there no possibility that we shall drink iced wine in the caboose of a hill-man, while his daughter strokes our hair and tells us, in the Sister Anne vein, that the ransom is coming up the hill? It seems that there is not, unless the servants of the Kaiser Francis Joseph have deceived us. As yet, we have heard only their tale; but suddenly, when countless spires and domes leap up from the valley and the town of Serajevo looms before us, we remember that the other side of the picture has to be seen, the other story to be heard.

MAX PEMBERTON.



BOSNIAN PEASANTS.

SWORDSMANSHIP.

At that delightful little club, The Albany, which overlooks the river, close to Kingston, seven members of the School of Arms of the London Rifle Brigade lately gave an interesting display of sixteenth-century swordsmanship. It is almost needless to say that they fought under the immediate direction of that famous expert in sword-play, Captain Alfred Hutton, F.S.A., whose reputation as a finished swordsman—as a perfect "master in the art of fence," to use the correct phrase—has long been established. Perhaps the most interesting contest was "Ye Twohand Sworde fyght against ye lyke weapon," between Mr. F. H. Whittow

and Mr. W. P. Gate, though the fight, Mr. George Harvest *versus* Mr. F. D. Johnson, "Ye Rapier and ye Cloake against ye lyke weapon," obtained loud and well-deserved applause. This may be said also of "Ye Sworde and Buckler fyght against ye lyke weapons," which took place between Mr. H. F. Gaydon and Mr. R. P. Walker. Indeed, the performance, if one may so call it, was excellent throughout; and whereas Captain Hutton is to be congratulated upon the masterly way in which he has trained his very smart pupils, Mr. Ernest Stenson Cooke, of the London Rifle Brigade, must be commended for his skill with the comparatively modern sabre and the ancient short single-sword. During the afternoon the band of the 3rd Battalion East Surrey Regiment was in attendance and played frequently. The general arrangements were excellently carried out by the energetic secretary, Captain C. A. Thimm, F.R.G.S., and no doubt that useful institution, the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, was benefited by the display, as it was given in order chiefly to increase the funds of the Asylum itself. When the fighting was over, Sir J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., addressed to the competitors a few words of merited praise.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

A BEAUTIFUL SPOTLESS SKIN BY USING

SULPHOLINE LOTION.

1s. Bottles.

QUICKLY REMOVES PIMPLES, SPOTS, BLEMISHES, RASHES.

1s. Bottles.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Estab.*1807.*

Head Office: 79, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

CITY: 41, THREADNEEDLE ST., E.C.
BIRMINGHAM: 104, COLMORE ROW.BRISTOL: 11, CLARE STREET.
MANCHESTER: 64, CROSS STREET.

Accumulated Funds £2,500,000.

Annual Income £270,000.

Claims paid during past 47 years ... £12,000,000.

INSURANCES ON LIVES of all kinds effected on the most Modern and Liberal Conditions.
IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES granted on Favourable Terms. ESTATE DUTY POLICIES effected.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE "PELICAN" SELF-FEEDING PEN

(PATENTED)



10/6

WRITES INSTANTLY & CONTINUOUSLY. HAS EXTRA LARGE RESERVOIR OF INK. SECURE AGAINST LEAKAGE. FLOW OF INK TO THE PEN CAN BE REGULATED WITH THE GREATEST NICETY.

In Polished Vulcanite, handsomely Enchased.

Fitted with SPECIAL BARREL PEN in 14-carat GOLD, IRIIDIUM-POINTED.

Also THE "SWIFT" RESERVOIR PENHOLDER (Patented)

ABSOLUTELY SECURE AGAINST LEAKAGE, AND PRESERVES THE INK FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME.

Fitted with Non-Corrosible Iridium-Pointed Pen, 3/6; with Gold Pens, 5/6, 10/6 & 12/6 each.

Sold by all Stationers. Wholesale only by the Manufacturers,

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Note Paper, 5 Quires, 1/- Court Envelopes, 1/- per 100.

Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1/6.

Thin for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1/-

Mourning Envelopes, 1/6 per 100

HIERATICA

Hard and Smooth surface.



HIERATICA

Delightful to write upon.

(Registered.)

Every Sheet and Envelope watermarked
HIERATICA. Reject Imitations.
Samples free.Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to
HIERATICA Works, 68, Upper Thames St.,
London. Parcels Carriage Paid.

Mappin & Webb's

PEARL
HANDLED



DESSERT
KNIVES AND
FORKS

IN
STERLING SILVER
AND
PRINCE'S PLATE

(REGD. 71,532.)

"Unsurpassed for Quality & Finish."

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; AND 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
(facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

12 Pairs Dessert Knives and Forks, with Prince's Plate Blades, chased
"Vine-Leaves and Grapes," and Pearl Handles, complete in Case £8 5 0
Same as above, but with Plain Blades, complete 7 15 0
" " in Sterling Silver, Plain Blades 13 13 0
" " " " Chased Blades 14 5 0

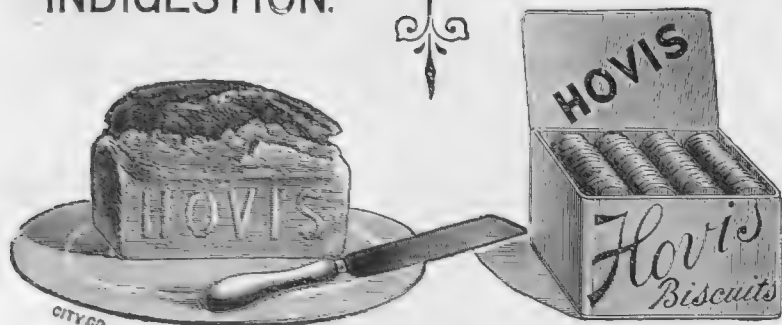
HOVIS

(REGD.)

BREAD

Cure for
INDIGESTION.

Supplied to the QUEEN
and Royal Family.



HIGHEST AWARD AT THE FOOD AND COOKERY EXHIBITION, LONDON, MAY, 1895.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The public are cautioned against accepting from Bakers spurious imitations of "Hovis" which, having met with such unprecedented success, is being copied in many instances as closely as can be done without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.

A Bilious Attack.

"I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

How frequently we hear that some friend is suffering from a "Bilious Attack," and yet how few there are who really understand the meaning of this term! It means that there is a redundancy of bile in the system, created by over-feeding; excesses of any kind, the abuse of alcoholic stimulants—especially sugar-laden Malt liquors—powerful mental emotions, and depressing passions, and anything which retards the normal flow of bile into the intestines.



The symptoms are well known, the principal being violent frontal headache, foul, coated tongue, retching and actual vomiting occasioned by regurgitation of bile into the stomach, obstinate constipation, extreme nervous irritation, sallowness of the skin, and discolouration of the whites of the eyes. The treatment is to stimulate the Hepatic and Cystic ducts so as to cause a flow of bile into the intestine. This must be done by aperients, and of these Guy's Fruit Pills

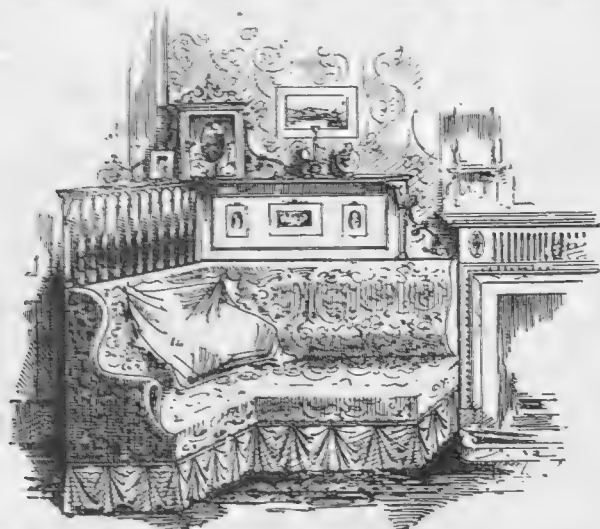
are incomparably the best suited to the purpose. These excellent Pills act upon the liver and its ducts in such a way as to carry off all the constituents of the bile, and not like the ordinary purgatives sold, which merely bring away the watery constituents of the secretion, leaving the pigmentary matters and solid constituent impacted in the interlobular vessels. In the latter case the "last state" of the patient is worse than the first. When relieved by Guy's Fruit Pills the bilious subject should tone up the alimentary track by means of Guy's Tonic, the most efficacious remedy for this purpose that medical science can suggest. Guy's Tonic and Guy's Fruit Pills can be had of Chemists the whole world over.

HEWETSONS,

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
English Carved Oak & Modern Furniture
IN THE KINGDOM.

HEWETSONS have just received their New Designs and Colourings of AXMINSTER, WILTON, SAXONY, and BRUSSELS for the Season.

BRUSSELS CARPET, 2s. 9d. per yard. WILTON CARPET, 3s. 11d. per yard. AXMINSTER CARPET, 4s. 3d. per yard.



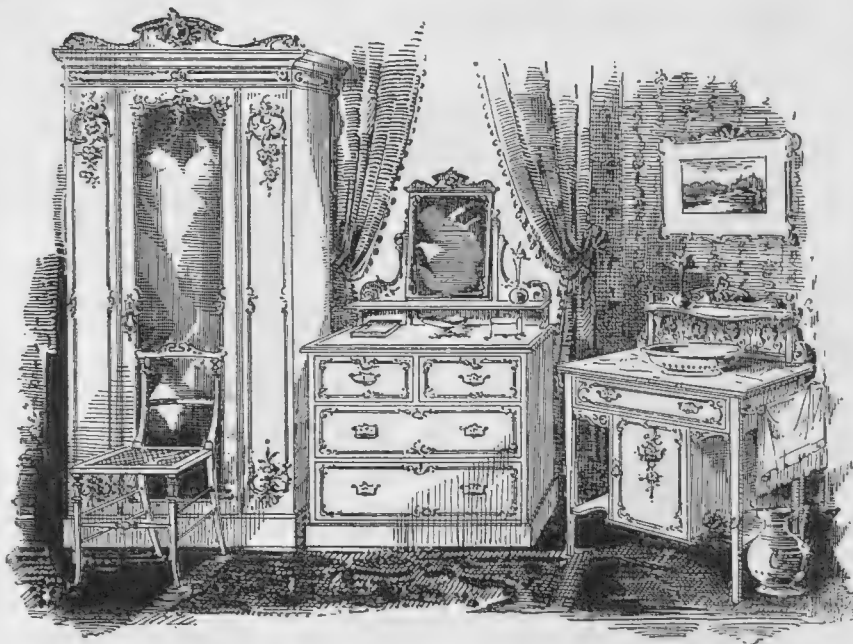
COSY CORNERS always in Stock, finished in various woods and coverings, from £7 7s. each.

HOUSES completely Furnished at three days' notice. ESTIMATES FREE.

All Goods Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

HEWETSON, MILNER, & THEXTON, 200 to 215, Tottenham Court Road, London.

Tottenham Court Road,
LONDON, W.



HEWETSONS' "Princess May" Bedroom Suite.

Enamelled White, Carlton Pierre Mountings, Brass Handles, and comprising: Wardrobe (Glass Door), Dressing-Chest with Glass, Washstand (Marble Top, Tile Back, and Brass Towel-Rail), and Two Cane-seated Chairs.

£7 : 15 : 0 THE SET.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Happy is the heart of the cricketer! The glorious sun has been shining with torrid heat, and the wickets are harder than umpires' hearts. In the face of this, it comes rather as a shock to learn that football is still merrily going on in Scotland; in fact, that while one lot of clubs is concluding the past—or present?—season's fixtures, another is preparing for the new season. And this with the thermometer staring at us with a registration of something like eighty-five degrees! Fortunately, the footballer in England is not so madly enthusiastic; or rather, fortunately, he has another sport to occupy his attention. Cricket is at a low ebb over the border.

In England, on the other hand, it has reached its highest standard. There has been no season in modern times to compare with the present. For this pleasant condition of affairs we have many reasons. Primarily, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Clerk of the Weather. Cricket is so dependent upon absence of rain for its success that a whole season's work can be, and has been too, spoiled by a damp spell. So far, the summer has been a record one. On nearly every match the sun has been graciously pleased to smile approval, and that it will continue so to do must be the earnest hope of every lover of the national game.

Another cause for the fillip given to the game in 1895 is the extension of the County Championship. I can't say that the presence of either Essex, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, or Derbyshire in the tournament makes the task of the favourites very much more difficult. The season's form, so far, points to the ability of the most famous counties to hold their own with the "promoted" ones, but the inclusion of the latter undoubtedly tends to render the championship fight keener and extend its interest. Even if Surrey, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Middlesex do ultimately form the leading quartet, hardly one of the other counties can be truthfully said to have disgraced itself.

To my mind, as great a factor as any to the widespread enthusiasm now aroused in cricket is Dr. W. G. Grace's continuous triumphs. If Stoddart's Australian tour awakened the general public's attention, then Grace sustains it by each succeeding triumph. His latest and, I say it boldly, his best, occurred in the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's. In these engagements, everybody knows, the amateurs are always set a difficult task, whereas the professionals are confidently trusted to improve their averages. Yet, in this anniversary, not alone was the Champion top-scorer in the match, but he actually compiled a glorious innings of 118—his fifteenth "century" for the series! It was in 1868, at St. John's Wood, that Grace hit up his first—and the third in his life—a not-out innings of 134, when he went in first wicket down, an innings which, as the turf was very bad, "W. G." himself considers he has never surpassed.

Matches arranged for next (*Sketch*) week are—

- July 18—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Notts.
At the Oval, Surrey v. Derbyshire.
At Huddersfield, Yorkshire v. Sussex.
- July 22—At Catford Bridge, Kent v. Surrey.
At Manchester, Lancashire v. Gloucestershire.
At Leeds, Yorkshire v. Somerset.
At Brighton, Sussex v. Notts.
At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Leicestershire.

ROWING.

It is ever the custom to call the present anniversary of anything the best. Yet nobody will deny the superlative in the case of Henley Regatta in 1895. The international rivalry infused into the fashionable aquatic reunion this season roused the populace to a high pitch of anticipatory excitement, and the beautiful warm weather helped to bring a huge attendance.

Pleasant, however, as visitors from other lands tend to make sport in England, there was one incident in connection with the American crew, Cornell University, which somewhat spoiled the harmony of the first day. Cornell, when they first came over, did not unanimously please the critics with their style of rowing, but such was the speed they managed to get up that they were regarded as very dangerous rivals indeed to Leander for the Grand Challenge Cup.

As it happened, the two favourites were drawn together on the opening day, but what was expected to be a keenly contested battle ended in a disappointing fiasco. Mr. Willan, the starter, informed the men previous to the start that he would call, "Are you ready?" and, after a few seconds' interval, "Go." Unfortunately the official did not notice that Leander were not ready, and, as a matter of fact, they replied "No" to the stereotyped question, only to hear the order "Go" directly afterwards. Cornell thereupon went right away and Leander were left at the post.

Now, a great deal of controversy has arisen over the incident. Leander's protest was regretfully dismissed, and Cornell, who would not heed their friends' advice to stop, and also declined to row Leander for a £100 cup offered by Mr. Willan, received the heat. All right-minded Englishmen at once condemned the Americans for their unsportsmanlike conduct, and, to my mind, the censure was right, for the behaviour was the essence of unsportsmanship. It is not as if the incident were without precedent. Previous cases have occurred times out of number, and the inviolable custom has been for the start to be voided, with the consent of the crew which got off. That the Americans were acting on their legal rights does not excuse their

peculiar action; but it seems to me that as much blame attaches to Mr. Willan, who should have called Cornell back. It was his mistake which caused the bother. I need hardly add that, when the Americans were defeated next day by Trinity Hall, which everybody regarded as a weak boat, the cheering was simply deafening. Fair play is the jewel set in the heart of every British sportsman.

ATHLETICS.

Athletes will be delighted to learn that the much-vexed question of Yale v. Cambridge has been settled. It will be remembered that originally a challenge was sent, by the O.U.A.C. and C.U.A.C. combined, offering to go to America to meet Yale and Harvard at international athletics. Harvard declined, modestly avowing themselves too weak, and, after a good deal of discussion, a match between Yale and Cambridge was mooted, Yale evidently being anxious to avenge the defeat sustained at the hands of Oxford University. The provisional date is either Sept. 28 or Oct. 5, and the events (also provisional) will be Hundred Yards, 220 Yards, Quarter, Half-Mile, Mile, Hurdles on grass, Hurdles on track (hurdles 3½ ft. high), High Jump, Long Jump, Hammer, and Weight. The Americans would not agree to the Three Miles. One of the conditions attached to the match will surprise many people, viz., "No photographers to be allowed at or near the start of any sprint races."

The Amateur Athletic Championships of 1895 reached the pinnacle of success. Stamford Bridge had never been filled by such an enthusiastic assemblage as enjoyed this season's annual gathering of the pick of English and foreign athletes. Perhaps the most sensational event of a most sensational meeting was the Mile success of F. E. Bacon, in the record time of 4 min. 17 sec.

I am inclined to think that Bacon's unsurpassed running in the Mile lost him the Four Miles, the last event of a crowded programme. Anyhow, we do not often see him collapse with a "stitch," as he did here, the poor fellow looking completely "done up." Bacon's misfortune was Dr. H. A. Munro's luck. The veteran Scotsman is one of the most popular men on the track, and, when he was seen to be leading by a "street," the cheering was loud and continuous. I understand the bespectacled Doctor thinks of retiring now. He is one of the very few Scotsmen who have been champions north and south of the Tweed.

GOLF.

The match-makers are very busy in a laudable effort to bring Kirkcaldy and Simpson and Taylor and Herd together. To be more precise, the first-named pair have issued a challenge to play any couple over Carnoustie, St. Andrews, and Prestwick for £100 a-side, and Messrs. Taylor and Herd are quite willing to "pick up the glove," provided the match is not decided until September. At present it is doubtful whether the challengers will agree to this remote date, and, in the event of their refusing to delay the match till so late in the year, I understand that Fernie and Sayers may be relied upon as almost immediate opponents. These men have been performing remarkably well in a number of individual engagements, and their style of play is exceedingly attractive. With regard to the chances of the competitors named, I have a much better opinion of the last four men than the actual challengers. The consistent form of Kirkcaldy is a matter of common knowledge, but his partner changes like the moon, and can seldom be relied upon, although, when in form, there is no more attractive and determined player in the three kingdoms.

The proprietors of the Dundee *Evening Telegraph* are offering a cup for annual competition for the Scottish Amateur Championship. The trophy is a massive, richly chased, two-handled cup, with cover, standing on an ebonised plinth. It is twenty-eight inches high, and was designed and manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill. Two richly ornamented scrolls form the handles, while on the summit of the cover is a statuette of Mr. John Ball, junior, in the act of driving. Around the vase are medallions and panels, which represent persons and incidents connected with golfing. One panel shows a club-house, with a group of golfers on the green; on each side are oval medallions, with bas-relief portraits of Tom Morris and W. Auchterlonie. The first tournament is fixed to take place at Carnoustie, to-morrow week and the two following days. It will take place annually, and will be played in rotation over the principal greens in Scotland. The winner of the cup will receive a gold medal, and the runner-up a silver medal, both of which also have been designed by Mr. Benson.



SCOTTISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Election has been a great nuisance to Sporting Editors, as the wires have been, of late, continually blocked. It may not be generally known that the racing corps of telegraphists are also used for sending off the speeches of big politicians, and when, say, Mr. Gladstone is making a great speech, racing descriptions are generally half an hour late. True, there is very little to complain of as to the manner in which sporting news is handled by the department. I remember the time when it was only possible to publish the first race of the day in the last edition of an evening paper. Now we are given the result within two minutes of the finish of the race.

George Barrett, who once was nearly at the head of the winning jockeys' list, now seldom gets a mount. I presume his ill-health has had something to do with this, which is a pity. Wall, who is the father of a large family, does not get anything like the number of rides that he should do. Wall can go to scale well under 7 st., and he is a strong jockey. C. Loates, I am sorry to hear, has had to stand down often of late owing to a bad leg. He is one of the best trial-riders in the country, not even excepting John Watts, who is a first-rate judge.

It is pleasant to know that the members of Tattersall's Ring are about to set their house in order, in accordance with suggestions made by others and myself years ago. If the pencillers will take a hint, they should lose no time in passing a rule which should compel the immediate posting of all defaulters. Further, no member of the ring should be allowed to do business with a known defaulter. A drastic measure of this kind would soon rid the racecourse of wrong 'uns.

It may be remembered that a recent report went the rounds of the papers stating that Mr. W. A. Pooley, a well-known sporting journalist, had died suddenly. Strange to relate, several correspondents have since informed me that they have seen Mr. Pooley looking fairly well, though somewhat haggard.



MR. W. A. POOLEY.

Photo by Gregson and Son, Halifax.

Mr. W. A. Pooley was educated for the medical profession, and I believe he graduated at Edinburgh. He did not practise medicine long, but drifted towards sport, and ran several selling platers. He then turned sporting journalist, and wrote for the Australian papers, but afterwards came to England, and contributed to the *Newcastle Chronicle* and some of the sporting papers. Eventually he was appointed editor of *Bell's Life*. Mr. Pooley wrote in a gossipy style. He understood racing well, and knew how to describe races

and racegoers. I am afraid of late years his lot had not been so good as of yore. I should, of course, be pleased to know for certain that Mr. Pooley is still in the land of the living; but there was a deal of mystery attaching to the report of his "sudden death," which has not yet been cleared up.

The Newmarket second July Meeting, which is held this week, is quite a recent institution, having been inaugurated as lately as 1890. In that year the first July meeting extended over three days, and the second over four, but, a couple of years ago, this was reversed, and the new order has been continued. Of the principal two-year-old races which used to distinguish the fixture, the July Stakes is now allotted to the first, and the Chesterfield Stakes to the second gathering.

Mr. Lambton, who was in evidence on the first day of the Bibury Club Meeting, comes of a family that can trace its records back to the eleventh century. The first Lord Durham was a John George Lambton, and was elected to the peerage in 1833. On his decease, in 1840, he was succeeded by his son, George Frederick, who was the father of the present earl and the Hon. George Lambton. Mr. Lambton was educated at Eton, and afterwards obtained a lieutenancy in the 3rd Battalion Sherwood Foresters. His skill in the saddle quickly attracted attention, and he was induced to try his luck on the racecourse. It was at Warwick that he had his first mount in public, but he was not fortunate enough to win. In the following month he tried again, and succeeded. Having once tasted success, he figured more frequently in the saddle. Since 1890, however, he has not done much riding in public, last week being one of his rare appearances. His success on Dingle Bay, a horse he trains, may induce him to wear the pigskin more frequently.

A CRICKET KING: GEORGE LOHMANN.

The return of George Lohmann from the Cape, and his appearance in the second match between the Gentlemen and Players, marks a notable point in the annals of cricket. A representative of *The Sketch* called on the great cricketer, and found him in the little borough town of Andover, in Hampshire, a favourite "resting-place" of Lohmann, who is admired there almost in as great a degree as at the historic Oval itself.

"Yours has been an eventful career, Mr. Lohmann, despite its brevity?"

"Yes, I suppose I have not been 'out' long, as cricketers go," returned the renowned Surreyite, in his usual modest manner. "I was born in Kensington on June 2, 1865, and was, therefore, in my nineteenth year when, in 1884, I made my first appearance in the ranks of the Surrey eleven. They were not champions then, of course, but it was not long afterwards that they began to establish themselves in the very forefront of county cricket. My opening season was not particularly successful. I batted in seventeen innings, was three times not out, and made 271 runs, inclusive of my highest score, 69. Cricket has improved wonderfully since those days. The scoring of 1895 would have been considered miraculous when my first experiences of the game were gained."

"It was, of course, as a bowler that you were given your trial?"

"Well, it remained to see what I was good for. I had figured in plenty of minor cricket previously, with a fair amount of success, but, as you can guess, minor cricket is nothing like what you meet with in the first-class world. Still, I stuck to bowling, practically, and eventually did some good at it. My improvement was very evident from the averages year by year. For instance, in 1884 I took only 18 wickets for 293 runs, in 1885 I captured 106 at a cost of 1811, in 1886 my figures increased to 160 for 2425. Then, in the following season, I fell off, as only 154 batsmen fell to me for 2404. The season of 1888 was a most successful one for me, for I took 209 wickets for 2280, and in 1889 I obtained 202 for 2714. The very best year in my career was 1890, when 220 wickets were credited to me for 2998. My last two seasons before I had to give up were 1891 (177 for 2065) and 1892 (151 for 2316). Is that what you would term an eventful career?"

"You have, I presume, by this time, formed a pretty useful idea of the most successful method of delivery?"

"It comes natural to me to regulate my bowling, having regard to the player I am trying to get out. Deceptive delivery is, doubtless, the chief characteristic of an effective bowler. It is the cause of so many good men being out to what cricket reporters call tame strokes. The same thing applies to the break. Repetition of the same kind of ball robs it of all its deadliness."

"Bowlers ought to be able to bat sufficiently to understand the kind of balls scorable from?"

"Undoubtedly; and you will find that, lately, nearly all successful bowlers make runs more or less consistently. In the same way, wicket-keepers make effective batsmen. During the nine seasons I represented Surrey I managed to hit up 5702 runs, meaning an average of 19. The most runs I ever obtained in one season occurred in 1887, which was a splendid year for run-getting. I was responsible for 843, and in 1890 I made 832, my next best being 809 in 1891 and 728 in 1886."

"I suppose the quality of the play in South Africa is very many degrees lower than the standard in England or Australia?"

"At present, yes; but they are improving very rapidly over there. The batting is, perhaps, better than the bowling; but that is only natural, because all the wickets in the Cape are pitched on matting placed over the turf. I say turf, for there is very little grass about. It is not too easy to break the ball much on the stuff, and it is so extremely fast that it does not require a very hard stroke to despatch the leather to the boundary. You will remember that Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Walter Read took a team out there some years ago, and I am repeating the experiment this fall."

"And you will then settle down in England?"

"It is just possible, but I cannot say for certain yet. You see, everything depends upon circumstances. I should part from my South African friends with infinite regret. I have never met with more hospitable people. Indeed, my impressions of the Cape are the rosier."

"You found many changes here when you returned?"

"Yes, though I found Surrey still the champion county; and no wonder, seeing what a splendid, all-round combination they have. Indeed, my wonder is why they should desire my services again. They can have no idea whether I shall be of any further use. Another alteration I was delighted at was the 'promotion' of Essex, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire. That it was bound to come I realised years ago. To me, it was no easier bowling at these so-called 'second-class' batsmen than it was against, say, Sussex or Gloucestershire. I have nothing further to tell you. Stay, it may prove of interest that the doctor on the good ship Moor, in which I returned, was Dr. Gerald Grace, a nephew of good old 'W. G.' He is a young fellow of about twenty-four years of age, and sings and acts capitally. He told me he once played in one of those family matches which are so popular in the West. He was on the side of Eleven Graces v. Eleven Robinsons, and, when he was clean bowled for a 'duck,' 'W. G.' shouted out, in his well-known bluff way, 'Now we know who's the fool of the family!'"

Whatever be Lohmann's prospects of sustaining the brilliant form which so delighted the Oval spectators, certain it is that the big cheer which went up when the old favourite once again stepped upon the field of play showed that the public had not forgotten an idol. Lohmann's style is essentially the people's—dashing, plucky, and successful.



Won't Wash Clothes. **BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP.** Won't Wash Clothes.

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c. REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.

"Lanoline"

Toilet "Lanoline".....6d. & 1/2.
 "Lanoline" Soap.....6d. & 1/2.
 "Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.
 & Cold Cream.

"Once
 tried,
 always
 used."

Should be used in every household, as nothing is better for the complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.



KARSWOOD HAIR DYE

ABSOLUTELY FAST.
 One Liquid.

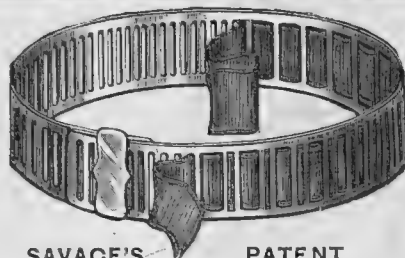
BLONDE,
 BROWN,
 BLACK.

Clean and Perfectly Harmless to the most Delicate Hair. Bottles, 2/6, 5/6, 10/6, Post Free.
 THE ONLY DYE FIT FOR A LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO USE.

Wholesale: HOVENDEN & SONS, London.

E. G. HUGHES, VICTORIA STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE "ACME" BELT FOR LADIES



SAVAGE'S PATENT.

SIMPLE, ELEGANT,
 DURABLE.

HIGHLY FINISHED IN NICKEL SILVER.
 Any ribbon can be put into the
 slits, and can be changed at the
 will of the wearer. Gives the waist
 the round appearance so much
 admired.

Adjustable to any size waist.
 Of Drapers and Haberdashers
 everywhere, or may be had by
 sending Postal Order, 3s. 6d.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT
 APPROVED.

G. SAVAGE,
 92, GOSWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.

ARTIFICIAL PERFUMES CAUTION!

Messrs. J. & E. ATKINSON warn
 their customers against the Artificial
 Chemical Perfumes at present so
 extensively offered. Though strong they
 are *musty*, and from a hygienic point
 of view their use is to be strongly
 deprecated.

ATKINSON'S 'NATURAL' PERFUMES
 are made from flowers, and possess all their
 natural fresh sweetness. They cannot
 be surpassed either in delicacy or strength.

ATKINSON'S "WHITE ROSE,"
 "A charming Scent."—H.R.H. The Duchess of York.

J. & E. ATKINSON, 24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.

HINDE'S



HAIR
 CURLERS

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Rec-
 ommended by all experienced Chemists, and constantly pre-
 sented by the most eminent Skin Tanners. Price 5s.
 sent for 100 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
 J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 15, Baker Street, London, W.

TO PREVENT MIDGE BITES,
 GNAT BITES,
 MOSQUITO BITES,
 USE
"MOLA ESSENCE."

A slight application to the face,
 neck, and hands will prevent the
 sting of all troublesome insects.

FOR THE RIVER, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., of all
 chemists, &c. Direct for
 FOR THE COUNTRY, three extra stamps from
 LATOUR & CIE.,
 FOR THE MOORS. 75, NEW BOND ST., W.



Ladies Travelling
 Ladies Travelling
 At Home
 At Home
 Save Washing
 Save Washing
**HARTMANN'S HYGIENIC
 TOWELETTES.**

In 6d. Packets, 1 doz. 1/-, 1/4, and 2/- per doz.
 Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.

Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, also
 from the Stores and Chemists. Packets of one dozen
 at 1s. 1/4, and 2s. 3d. Post Free. Samples Post Free
 on application. Mention Sketch. Address: "The
 Manufacturers," THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO., LTD.,
 25, THAMES LANE, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.
INSIST ON HAVING 'HARTMANN'S.'

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S Cloudy AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 32b Southwark Street, London, S.E.

MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

The only awarded at the Paris
 Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

Special,
 hygienic, adherent & invisible.
 Toilet powder — CH. FAY, Inventor
 9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Judgement of 8th May 1875.

"ABOUT HOLLAND."

A Practical Guide for Visitors.

By GREVILLE E. MATHESON.

Published by
 SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT and Co.,
 Limited.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



Lundborg's

SCENTS FOR THE SEASON.

The most delightful essences ever distilled.

DELICATE. REFINED. LASTING.

Lundborg's Sachets are as deliciously sweet as
 they are artistically beautiful.

"Nature, exerting an unceasing power, Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower."
 COWPER.
"Edenia."
"Swiss Lilac."
"Goya Lily."
"Alpine Violet."
 Etc., Etc.

Perfumes.

Of Perfumers and Chemists, 2/6 & 4/-



Vinolia

SOAP (for Sensitive Skins), Premier Vinolia Soap, 4d. per Tablet.

CREAM (for Itching, Eczema, Face Spots), 1s. 1 1/2d., 1s. 9d.

POWDER (for Nursery, Redness, Roughness, &c.), 1s., 1s. 9d.

DOES NOT
 CORRODE THE
 SKIN;
 KEEPS IT SMOOTH
 AND VELVETY.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

With sales still reigning supreme at every shop, with the theatres closing on all sides, and new pieces relegated to the autumnal future, one is thankful for even the small mercy of a revival, and so it was that I welcomed the reappearance of "The Idler" with open arms, partly, of course, for his own sake, and partly, also, because I had pleasant visions of pretty



MISS ELLIOTT PAGE IN "THE IDLER."

gowns to be worn by the fair ladies whose names figured on the bill. And when, in due course, I found myself at the St. James's, I was rewarded by the sight of lovely Miss Millard in a first-act dress of eau-de-Nil glacé, patterned with a cobwebby design in black, the skirt being of the fashionable plain fulness, which, extravagant though it may be, we shall only relinquish with reluctance, inasmuch as it is so eminently becoming—and many-tongued rumour has it that the full skirt is doomed to dwindle and decrease till it has assumed ordinary proportions, and the heart of the dressmaker sinks in proportion as each extra yard vanishes. However, I shall believe nothing till I have the personal authority of Dame Fashion, and for this I must certainly wait till, holiday-making past, she takes up her rightful position again at the head of affairs.

As to Miss Millard's gown—which has, all this time, been awaiting completion—it had a square yoke of mellow-tinted lace, sewn with tiny glittering silver sequins, and down each side of the front and back passed straps of sequins, which lost themselves eventually in a draped waistband, high at the back, but drawn down low in front. Collar there was none, Miss Millard's pretty white throat being left quite free from any bands or bows, and the sleeves terminated at the elbow with a soft ruching of chiffon. Act II. brought an exquisite evening gown of rose-pink satin, brocaded with wavy lines of tender green—this for the skirt, while the bodice was veiled with the white tulle which has usurped the throne of chiffon, its filmy folds half revealing and half concealing narrow bands of shimmering green sequins, a somewhat broader band encircling the waist. The sleeves were cloudy frills of white tulle, their outstanding fulness showing glimpses of an under-sleeve composed of bands of sequins, while across the front of the square-cut corsage, and right down the left side, went a wealth of white azaleas and roses, matching the bouquet which formed so important a feature in the growing tragedy of this act. With the help of the sketch, you may, perhaps, imagine how perfectly beautiful Miss Millard looked in this exquisite gown, but your imagination will inevitably fall far short of the reality. The list was concluded by a regal-looking cloak of crimson velvet, lined with yellow brocade, and with deep capes of yellow satin, overlaid with creamy lace, and a dainty gown of pale-pink glacé, spotted with black, and relieved only by a loosely tied fichu of black chiffon, and a black satin waistband, with long sash-ends, the accompanying toque being of jet and pink roses.

Miss Elliott Page made up for only being on in one act by having a very effective and original evening gown. If you desire to appropriate the design, your path is made easy for you by the accompanying illustration. The fabric of this desirable dress was, you must know, yellow satin brocaded with white, the fulness of the white chiffon bodice held in by side-straps of white satin glittering with silver sequins, which were continued, into the form of a butterfly, in the centre of the corsage. A band of silver-studded satin crossed each shoulder, the voluminous, cloudy

sleeve of white chiffon and lace not deigning to commence till a goodly portion of the white arm had been displayed—a most effective arrangement certainly, but only for those whose arms will come out triumphantly from such an ordeal. Miss Page's did, so the result was eminently charming.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh was as piquant as ever, first in a skirt of white glacé showered over with pale-mauve violets arranged in wreaths, and a bodice of openwork grass-lawn, the deep collar cut in square tabs and edged with yellowish Valenciennes, while two paste buttons bedecked the waistband of pale-mauve satin. So much for the first dress; and, as regards the evening gown for the second act, I commend its dainty simplicity to the notice of all young girls who want a perfectly smart but girlishly simple costume. White brocade was the material thereof, and the square-cut corsage was entirely surrounded by four frills of accordion-pleated tulle sprinkled over with a dusting of silver, these frills, as they passed over the shoulders, doing duty as sleeves, and being aided in this task by broad straps of clustering yellow roses. Lastly came a pale-blue and pale-yellow striped glacé silk, the bodice having a collar and bow of cherry-red satin, and the waist being encircled by an openwork band of steel sequins, crowning all being a green straw hat, bearing nobly its burden of trimming, in the shape of lace, ribbon, and many-coloured iris-flowers. An excellent foil to this piquant girlishness was the stately, white-haired prettiness of Lady Monckton, who is a most efficient teacher in the art of dressing suitably and well when youth has taken to itself wings and flown away beyond recall. She was aided in her lesson by a gown of dark-green silk striped in broad vandykes of darkest petunia and scattered over with tiny bouquets of faint-hued flowers, the pale-mauve bodice being brightened with touches of green passementerie, while a long-ended lace collar gave additional



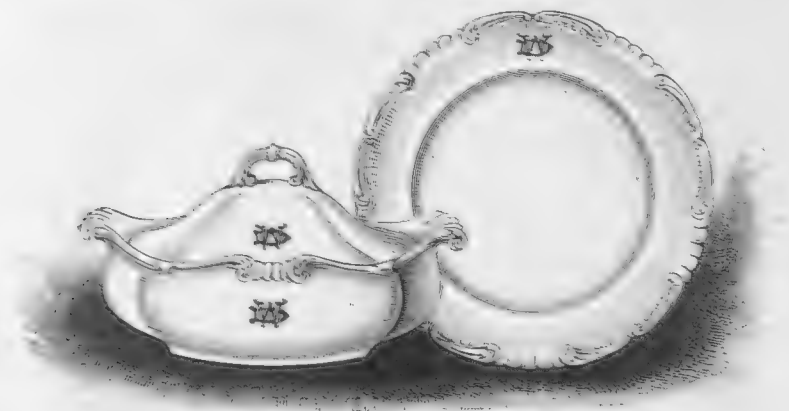
MISS EVELYN MILLARD IN "THE IDLER."

distinction, a black bonnet, with chiffon and pink roses, completing the toilette. Lady Monckton's evening dress was delightful—there was no other word for it. It was of green satin brocaded with gold chrysanthemums, the shoulders being covered with a drapery of mellow-tinted lace, continued into long ends far down the skirt, while the puffed sleeves did not dispute with the lace the claim of covering the shoulders. A touch of red satin was introduced in the form of rosettes on to the

bodice, and in the prettily dressed grey hair (donned for the occasion only, of course) was a half-wreath of little red roses.

Another evening dress, of black *moiré*, the design outlined with silver sequins, had a black chiffon bodice outlined with bands of black velvet; and last of all came a brown velvet gown with a draped bodice of turquoise-blue and a lace bonnet trimmed with blue flowers. So altogether, in the present dearth of gowns, I had reason to be thankful to "The Idler," especially as he was also the means of introducing to me a lovely theatre-bodice which adorned one of the boxes, and served to make the intervals full of interest to me. It was fashioned of satin in a wonderful shade of violet, the crossed drapery held in at the front by insertion bands of lace sewn thickly with shimmering mauve and yellow sequins, while there was a gathered chemisette of palest tea-rose yellow chiffon, finished with a voluminous neck ruffle entirely composed of dark-hued violets. The balloon sleeves of the satin were finished on each shoulder by a smart *chou* rosette of chiffon, with violets nestling in the centre, and the effect was altogether distinctly good. Apart from this bodice, however, the dresses on the stage entirely put into the shade the costumes on the other side of the footlights, and now even they have been taken away from us, and the St. James's is put down on the list of closed.

I have seen an admirable arrangement for the beautification of the dinner-table, which owes its existence to the inventive genius of Messrs. F. and C. Osler, and which gained a well-merited prize at the Botanical Fête. Imagine dessert-plates of lovely design (faintest blue merging into white, and with a patterned spray of tender yellow, mauve, and pink orchids), and crystal finger-bowls set on white doyleys, hand-painted with forget-me-nots and white *marguerites*; while in each is laid a piece of feathery asparagus fern, or a tender-yellow carnation, a cluster of these flowers and ferns being laid with most artistic carelessness at each corner of the table. The floral decoration in the centre of the table is carried out in yellow and pink carnations, and feathery grasses set in tiny crystal bowls, springing from gold stands, which, I discovered, were made in sections, so that they could be arranged in any desired form at will. In this particular case they were also provided with high glass standards at each corner, some being utilised for the electric light, which shone out beneath tender-pink shades, fringed with pearl and crystal beads; and others, for graceful bouquets of flowers, but without these standards, the price being much more moderate, while the effect is quite charming in any case. And then I must needs look at that wonderful Limousin ware, which so fascinated the young Crown Princess of Roumania, when she was visiting Messrs. Osler's the other day, that she invested in a goodly number of the quaintly shaped vases, where on a ground of most wonderfully lovely blue, storks and flowers are depicted with marvellous art. I do not think I ever saw anything more perfectly artistic than this "Limousin" ware, and I commend it to you for the adornment of your own home or for the making of wedding-presents, though, if you desire to be more practical (and more economical), nothing could be better than the "Portland" dinner-service (Messrs. Osler's exclusive design), which is wonderfully distinguished in its elegant simplicity. It is in quite a new shape, as you can see by the sketch, and is made in pure white, with the embossment in slight relief, and the crest or monogram in any colour, while as to price, a luncheon-service of sixty-one pieces (including crest) is only £2 15s., and a dinner-service for twelve (101 pieces), £4 15s. I have a treasure-trove for flower-lovers in the



shape of rose-bowls in opal glass, darkest, loveliest green, milky white, or changing opal hue, the tops being covered with a gold-wire network, which makes it possible to arrange the roses with the minimum of trouble and the maximum of effect.

Another means of making the house beautiful is by purchasing sundry pairs of the "Cymbeline" curtains, which have gained the award of merit in the shape of two gold medals, and have had the honour of being supplied to the Duchess of York. Spring-cleaning, which has an unfortunate knack of revealing each one of the shabby spots in every article of furniture, forced upon me the unwelcome fact that my curtains had nearly all seen and said good-bye to their best days, and, though some might be rejuvenated by a visit to a good dyer's (By the way, Mortimer's Dye Works at Plymouth are excellent), others were past redemption. Therefore, I had to set about finding new ones, and it was then that I came across the "Cymbeline," and found them to be distinctly good in every way—artistic, novel, and cheap. Write off to the Cymbeline Curtain Company, 17s, Lloyd Street, Manchester, for further particulars. FLORENCE.

MISS BEATRICE HERFORD.

Originality is not, as a rule, the *forte* of the lady-elocutionist; and those of us whose duty it is to attend many dramatic recitals during the season are pretty well accustomed to listening to "Curfew shall not ring To-night," "Burglar Bill," and the inevitable love-scene between Henry and Katharine of France, the excellencies of which are apt to pall after frequent repetition by lady-reciters.

It has been left to Miss Beatrice Herford, however, to inaugurate a new and welcome departure, and her single *matinée* at the Salle Erard delighted the critics and audience alike. This gifted young lady says of



MISS BEATRICE HERFORD.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

herself that she does not recite, and elocution, in the ordinary sense of the word, is out of her line; but she has adopted the career of a professional entertainer, and her monologues, in a somewhat pessimistic age, pleasant to say, are always humorous. Miss Herford composes all her own sketches, which she acts with so much spirit that the complete lack of accessories is no drawback. These monologues take place between herself and one or more imaginary persons. One, for instance, is between a pushing American book-agent and the unfortunate being who weekly buys undesired goods to escape further persecution. Still more humorous is a little scene between a proud but eventually abashed young mother, who takes a precocious hopeful with her in the tram, and has to bear with little innocence's trying queries. Miss Herford's *répertoire* is very varied, and she is as original in the choice of her subjects as in her mode of delivery.

The entertainment recently given at the Salle Erard was Miss Herford's first public appearance, though for some months past she had been entertaining professionally at "At Homes," and in America, where most of her life has been spent, she frequently gave impromptu sketches, which, on her return to London, acting on the advice of friends, she determined to develop and elaborate. Miss Herford studied under Miss Geneviève Ward for a few months to gain the art of voice-production, and gratefully acknowledges her indebtedness to the gifted American actress—otherwise, she is entirely self-taught. She was born in Manchester, not so very many years ago either; but when she was a child her family migrated to America, where she has resided till a few years ago, spending her girlhood in Chicago and Boston. Across the "herring-pond" her brother, Mr. Oliver Herford, has also achieved a reputation by his verses and illustrations, while it is safe to assume that Miss Beatrice Herford owes some of her eloquence to her father, Dr. Brooke Herford, the distinguished Unitarian preacher.

Nature has been singularly kind to this clever young entertainer, who bids fair to become a particular success this season in London; her photo shows that her personal attractions are of no mean order. Besides her gift as, first the composer, and then the reciter, of her clever sketches, she has a strong taste for art, and had intended to adopt the profession of an artist if her love for acting had not proved the stronger passion. Above all, she is modest and unaffected, and did not wish to be interviewed; but, in deference to my request for *The Sketch*, she agreed to furnish me with these particulars and the portrait which adorns this page. L. E. B.

TO AMERICAN VISITORS.

PETER ROBINSON'S

WORLD-FAMED

Dry Goods Store.

One Hundred Shops and Show-Rooms.

SILKS, DRESSES, MANTLES, COSTUMES,
MILLINERY,
DINNER-DRESSES, TEA-GOWNS,
DANCE-DRESSES,
SEALSKIN COATS,
INDIAN SHAWLS, LACE,
HOSIERY, GLOVES,
TRUNKS, &c.

OXFORD ST., AND REGENT ST.**WHEATON & BENNETT**

Beg to announce that they have been able to purchase on very exceptional terms the surplus stock of patterns of one of the first manufacturers of high class Electro



Plate, and that they are now able to offer for a short time the very finest goods at prices that compete with the low priced and inferior goods. This is a most unique opportunity for securing real bargains.

SHOW-ROOMS:

104, 106, & 108, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.

THE DELICIOUS PERFUME.

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"It has the aroma of Spring in it."
2/6, 4/6 & 6/- — *New York Observer.*

AND THE

CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.

"A delightful deodoriser, and
— luxury for all." — *Le Follet.*
2/- and 4/-

The Crown Perfumery Co.,
177, NEW BOND STREET, W.

In 18-carat Gold Cases.

BENSON'S

LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER

Fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled in 13 actions, keyless action. Superior for strength and time-keeping to other Watches sold at the same price.

The Cases are 18-carat Gold, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass. Richly Engraved all over, or plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE, £10; or in SILVER CASES, £5.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Watches, Jewellery, &c., post free.

J. W. BENSON Manufactures and Supplies Jewellery of the Highest Quality at Wholesale City Prices, saving the public all intermediate profits.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL.

Brilliant Heart, Ruby and Sapphire Bar, £8 10s.

Single Stone Diamond Rings, from £2 10s.

Brilliant, with Emerald Centre, £4.

ALL BRILLIANTS, £6 10s.

J. W. BENSON, H.M. THE QUEEN'S JEWELLER.
Only Warrant Holder in City of London.

Steam Factory: 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL,
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. Estd. 1749.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

Known for sixty years to be the best and purest Tooth-Powder, as it contains no acid or gritty substances, which ruin the Teeth, and produce premature decay. It

WHITENS THE TEETH,

prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Health depends in a great measure upon the soundness of the teeth and their freedom from decay, and all dentists will allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty tooth-powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself to be. Sold everywhere, 2s. 9d. Avoid spurious imitations.

EDWARDS'

HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

WORLD-RENOWNED
HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER

IS THE BEST DRESSING. Specially prepared and perfumed for Toilet Use.
"HARLENE" produces Luxuriant
HAIR.

Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS,
For Curling Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, it is without a Rival.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredient.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. Size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE," 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

THE ALBUM

Appears Weekly in a Greatly Enlarged and Improved Style.

It is **BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED**, and each number contains a

SPLENDID SUPPLEMENT

of Permanent Interest and Value.

Thousands who have never before purchased illustrated papers are spending
SIXPENCE Every Week on **THE ALBUM**.

The Subject of This Week's Supplement is

THE THAMES FROM OXFORD TO HAMPTON COURT.

PUBLISHED BY THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Ltd., 198, STRAND, W.C.

Now Ready.

The JULY Number of the

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER,

CONTAINS A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF INTERESTING ARTICLES,
ENJOYABLE STORIES, AND PRETTY PICTURES.

Apropos of the newly revived discussion on Oliver Cromwell, the Magazine contains an interesting Story,

THE FATE OF THREE

By J. D. SYMON,

DEALING WITH THE PROTECTOR AND HIS TIMES.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Another Topical Article is one on

PRINCE VON BISMARCK,

By an Anonymous Critic of the Great German, who in some ways resembles Cromwell. There is also the Latest
Portrait of Bismarck, with Fine Views of Friedrichsruh, besides numerous

STORIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE BEST WRITERS AND ARTISTS OF THE DAY.

THIS MAGAZINE IS INIMITABLE FOR SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHED BY THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Ltd., 198, STRAND, W.C.

TYNWALD DAY.

A visit to the Isle of Man, at this time of year, requires good spirits of the most tumultuous order, or a patience which were better exercised at home. I have never been able to understand why it should be so very popular a resort. That the Liverpoolians should find refuge there from their own smoke and respectability is no puzzle. But why should it be so ridiculously cheap or so persistently popular to go there from a very long distance? The best explanation would seem to be that the rail and steamship companies go upon the principle of small profits and quick returns. It is a kind of local application of the Hungarian Zone-system. Anyhow, I was first prompted to go by the cheapness of the trip, as many others, doubtless, are also. It is very far from cheap when you get there, but to accomplish so long a journey at so little cost always seems an inducement.

Tynwald Day is a kind of Derby Day, Fourth and Fourteenth of July all rolled into one for the Manxman. All his calculations for the year centre in and hover around this venerable anniversary. Is he totting up the past, it is not by birthdays or quarter-days, but by Tynwald Days; is he forecasting the future, it is Tynwald Day, not Christmas, that is coming. The origin of this anniversary seems lost in antiquity. The old Norse or Icelandic settlers are said to have set up in the island their national institution of an open-air Parliament, such as survived until comparatively recent times in a gloomy valley not far from Reikjavik. But the earliest surviving traditions of Tynwald Day, which claims to have been held unchanged every 5th of July for at least a thousand years, tell not so much of a Parliament as of a Court of Register. The business of the Tynwald is not to make laws, but to hear the result of the year's law-making by the House of Keys. No law has force until it has been promulgated from Tynwald Hill.

My strongest impression of my visit belongs to the crowds. Rail and steamer were overcrowded; Douglas—as uproarious a place as any to be found in the British Isles—was overflowing; and as for the road to the trysting-place in the centre of the island, it was a case of breathless jostling throughout the eight scorching miles. Some day, when it is not Tynwald, I should like to take that drive again, for its charms are discernible even through clouds of dust and very real discomfort. The scenery is a cross between Irish and Scotch: there are scarcely any trees, and the hills are a kind of glorified moor. The advantages of colouring are due to the profusion of a yellow weed called the “cushag,” which, to a Manxman, is almost a national emblem. In spring and autumn, the whole country-side is further illuminated by a blaze of gorse, the like of which, I should think, is not to be met with elsewhere in Europe.

As we approach our destination, the crowd, already of incredible density, becomes thicker and thicker. There are frequent blocks, and we begin to doubt whether we shall be there in time for the ceremony. But at the place itself some relief is afforded by the dissemination of those who have not come for the ceremony, but for the fair. The origin of the fair is as much lost in antiquity as that of the ceremony, and there are no traditions of the one having existed without the other. It is a fair much like every other fair, with mountebanks, and merry-go-rounds, and peep-shows, and cocoanuts, and shooting-galleries. A very hasty glance suffices to satisfy the curiosity, and, indeed, there is little time to spare if we want to see anything of the ceremony.

The officials are already in church, and we may expect to see the procession making its way to Tynwald Hill almost any moment. The hill itself is little more imposing than any of the tumuli which may be seen in various parts of the country. It is ascended by three or four steps, scarcely a yard high, and is not more than eighty yards round. The steps are strewn with reeds, which give an untidy appearance, and there are two rickety, throne-like seats on the top.

The proceedings always have begun with service in the church, and this is said to testify to the ecclesiastical origin of the whole ceremony. The Druids are said to have performed rites on some such occasion in pre-Roman days, perhaps on this very spot. Be that as it may, ecclesiastical influence has always been peculiarly strong in the Isle of Man. To this day, the Bishop exercises a large share in the government, and there is a large proportion of clergy as ex-officio members of the Council.

Here comes the procession at last. The Governor, poor fellow! has no easy task to keep up due dignity with the scanty materials at his disposal. His cocked hat and Court-dress only involve dangers of becoming ridiculous, and these dangers are not averted by the drawn sword borne before him, or by the presence of three shabby policemen at the head of the procession. One feels that it is neither one thing nor the other. To be mediæval, there should be trumpeters and prancing horses, gaily caparisoned; to be modern, there should have been stiff military uniforms or frock-coats—policemen, even—but no cocked hats or waving wands.

The Governor and Bishop are seated on their extemporised thrones. An official declares the Tynwald open, and threatens dire penalties on any who shall presume to disturb the performance. Then comes a great deal of bowing and scraping, involved in the transfer of various unnecessary offices; lastly—and this is the principal part of the whole affair—the reading out, in English and Manx, of a summary of the laws passed during the year. It is evidently a mere form, for there is no attempt at distinctness on the part of the performer or at listening on the part of the audience. Indeed, everyone seems to be desperately bored, from the Governor downwards, and there is a sigh of relief all round the crowd when the business is at an end and the procession reforms and returns to the church to transact local business of little moment.

v.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The General Election, in the midst of which we now are, may be reckoned as, in some respects, unusual. One side has practically no programme; the other has a programme, but refrains from foreshadowing the methods by which its proposals are to be carried out. The Unionists declare, in a general way, that they intend to pass measures of a certain kind, but they are hardly bound to introduce any one particular measure. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, wants to annihilate the “legislative preponderance” of the House of Lords as a first step to Home Rule, Disestablishment, Local Veto, *et tout le reste*. This would seem to mean that, if the Commons and the Lords differ on any question, the Lords must yield, which would imply that the House of Lords will be employed merely in working out details with which the omnipotent Commons do not care to trouble themselves. Such a Second Chamber might well be abolished at once were it not that a Radical Government may find it useful to raise party funds by the sale of a peerage or two to money-lenders and manufacturers.

A Second Chamber of any kind, that has not some power of veto on all, or nearly all, legislation of the representative House, is a fifth wheel of the political coach—a superfluous appendage, a dead weight. And if the House of Lords be reduced to this position, I doubt whether titles will retain even an honorary value, unless with those who have money, but no brains. Whether we are in favour of a Second Chamber or not, on one point we are agreed—a sham Second Chamber will profit no one.

Thus we see that the Liberal Party, if successful, is pledged to abolish the veto of the Lords on legislation—or, in practice, to abolish the House of Lords as a real part of the Constitution. This is a view in favour of which much may be said, but I think we have a right to know how the plan is to be put into execution, and what, if any, substitute is to be provided for the power thus destroyed. For there are formidable obstacles in the way of Constitutional procedure. I doubt if even a vote of the House of Lords in favour of abandoning its own powers would be sufficient, for the hereditary rights of eldest sons have also to be considered. And as for passing resolutions—there have been serious quarrels between the Lords and Commons in past times. Each House invariably passed flaming resolutions against the pretensions of the other, and nothing ever came of these resolutions, either way. Then, again, the Sovereign might create five hundred “sweeps,” or others, peers, in order to vote for abolishing the power of the peerage. But, in the first place, no self-respecting monarch would do so foolish a thing; and secondly, you could not trust your coroneted “sweeps” to strip themselves of their newly acquired power.

Remains therefore the method of revolution. Now it is the experience of most revolutionary countries, that it soon comes to shooting in cases of insoluble Constitutional differences. If you overthrow your existing Two-Chamber system by force, what follows is government by Six Chambers, not by one; and the power is to the straightest shooter, not to the most eloquent speakers or the most numerous voters. Is Lord Rosebery going to create a temporary majority by wholesale creations of peers (the retail trade is far more profitable), and thus preserve the letter of Constitutional usage, or is he going to use force? That is one of the things we all have a right to know, but we don't hear.

Surely it would be well, before assailing the Lords in good earnest, to hint at the method by which the inevitable resistance is to be overcome. For if the House of Lords can only be conquered by violence, it may well be that its maintenance would prove the lesser evil, even to the most ardent Liberals. At present, Lord Rosebery, like Lear, “will do such things—what they are, yet he knows not.” No more do we; perhaps we never shall know.

And, in any case, this indignation against the Lords is a trifle overstrained. They have done nothing serious, except rejecting the Home Rule Bill. Everybody knew they would reject that Bill, and not even in Ireland was any stir made on that account. As regards the Employers' Liability Bill, this was wrecked by inserting an amendment which the Commons had rejected by a very small majority. The other important measures promoted by the late Government never got to the Lords at all, but perished in the Commons. Whence it seems that Lord Rosebery proposes to abolish the power of the Lords because the Commons have not supported him.

This is logic of a rather feminine sort, and reminds one of the plea raised by the lady recently tried for murder in India. “The wind was making such a noise that I could not sleep,” she is said to have remarked, “so I got up and shot my husband.”

MARMITON.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 13, 1895.

The Stock Exchange settlement has gone off without the smallest trouble, while the Bank return shows only the natural expansion of internal circulation which might be expected at the time of a General Election.

Again a very large business has been done in gilt-edged securities and African mines, while the last few days has seen considerable public buying in the Western Australian section, stimulated, no doubt, by the profits which the holders of Great Boulders have made, and the favourable outlook which current report attributes to several other properties, such as White Feather, Hannan's Brown Hill, and Mainland Consols. The truth (apart from merits) about Great Boulders seems to be that the company insisted on posting the scrip for the shares held in Australia to the holders there; and, as many of these people had sold through brokers here, the latter are unable to deliver until the post brings back the certificates, and hence it is said the market is twenty or thirty thousand shares short. The record return of the Rand, exceeding, as it does, for the first time in the history of South African gold-mining, 200,000 ounces in one month, has, no doubt, had a very favourable effect on the public, both here and in Paris, so much so, indeed, that the boom in Rand shares seems in full swing again, and likely to become even more pronounced than ever.

It is necessary to warn you at such times against the puffing paragraphs which, looking like editorials, appear by shoals, both in the provincial and London Press, especially in some of the Sunday papers, which appear to open their columns, without any regard to the pockets of their unfortunate readers, to all sorts and kinds of rubbish. These puffs are really advertisements—paid for, very often, at most extortionate rates—and should be treated with the same amount of respect as the announcement that "So-and-so's soap is the best," or the advice to drink some new mineral-water "because it is recommended by the faculty." As long as you and your friends understand the true nature of these paragraphs, which appear following Money articles, and in suchlike conspicuous places, you may or may not place reliance upon them, but as we know several clients who have fallen victims to this new fashion in promotion, we think it our duty to draw your attention to the matter.

Speculation has been quite a dead letter in the Home Railway market, where business is practically confined to continual, and for the most part small, investment purchases; but yesterday the market received quite a shock in the case of the Brighton line, not only by the announcement of a reduction of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the distribution, but the very small carry-over of £5800 against £8200 this time last year, and, except in the case of the Scotch stocks, there was a general fractional slump.

It is hoped that the South-Eastern Company will pay at the same rate as last year, while the Chatham distribution should be $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. more upon its preference stock. The heavy lines will, of course, suffer, and the Great Western Company can hardly avoid reducing its dividend by 1 per cent. The bulk of these changes have, however, been fully discounted, and, with cheap money, continual small buying, and improving trade, there seems every prospect of the ordinary stocks of the great trunk lines continuing to be well supported. As we have for some weeks advised you, the Scotch stocks show the best results, and it is not now a far cry between Coras and the price of 50, to which we suggested they would go.

Yankee Rails are nearly all better on the week, but the market is not satisfactory, and the public takes very little hand in the dealings. It is true that bonds are being absorbed in considerable quantities by investors both here and in the States, but as to shares—well, outside professional operators, hardly anybody touches them. The trade outlook, however, is steadily improving, and, as you are a holder of Yankees, we advise you to stick to your stock. Messrs. Morgan, Adams, and Hill are supposed to be incubating a Northern Pacific reorganisation, which may be expected to see the light in about three weeks.

In the Foreign market the feature has been the extraordinary rise in Chinese new loan, where the "bears," or rather, the "stags," have been caught short, and are being made to pay for the proud privilege of "getting in." There are all sorts of "yarns" as to the price to which the scrip is to be pushed, but, for ourselves, we are content with our profit of 6 premium at which we sold yesterday, and we advise you to turn out your small allotment, and let some other fellow make what is to be made—if anything—on the further rise. The New Hungarian 3 per cent. issue is also being dealt in at a substantial increase on the issue price, and heaven only knows what will be the end of the present state of affairs, unless the value of money as a loanable commodity improves before long.

We are to have during the week an eight million Brazilian 5 per cent. loan, issued by Messrs. Rothschild, it is said, at 85. It is pretty sure to be largely over-subscribed, and you would do well to send in several moderate-sized applications, which in these days appears to be the only way of securing a reasonable allotment.

We should very much have wished to write you pretty fully on the subject of the Mining market, but the length of this letter forbids such a course. South Jumpers, which we advised and bought for you at 18s., are now 27s., so you are on velvet there; and, if you are looking about for some other cheap shares to speculate in, we would call your attention to South Nigels at 25s., Randt Reefs at 13s., and, as a pure long shot in

Western Australians, Yilgarns at about 6s. 6d. Perhaps also the shares of the Rand Southern Company at par are likely to improve upon the acquisition of 167 Black Reef claims, in addition to the company's original ground.

We hear that the underwriters of a certain Exploration Company, on which we made some unfavourable remarks last week, have been obliged to take 85 per cent. of their risks; and we know that the Boardman Brewery debentures seem to have attracted the public so little that the underwriters have to take up 90 per cent. of what they wrote. We are rather glad of this, for it will keep the price of the issue down for some time, and give yourself and your friends a good chance of picking up a really good brewery debenture at a price which should prove remunerative; and we advise you to invest a reasonable sum in the stock while you can get it, for there is no doubt it will, in the present rush for 4 per cent. investments, soon get absorbed.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
S. Simon, Esq.
LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE MIDDLE BLACK REEF GOLD MINES, LIMITED, has been formed with a capital of £150,000 to acquire the large area of 684 acres in the Witwatersrandt district of the Transvaal. The reef to be worked is the same which the famous Orion Mine has found so profitable, and it is said that the reef traverses the whole of the Company's property. Now that the South African mines have become such a favourite source of investment, we should imagine that this Middle Black Reef Company would be well received, and the shares are likely to see a good premium, as the purchase price for so large an area seems reasonable, and the directorate is a thoroughly businesslike one.

THE ANCHOR TIN MINE, LIMITED, is a venture which desires to secure £100,000 of good British money to work a tin deposit in Tasmania. The Mount Bischoff returns are writ large in the prospectus, but they have as much, or as little, to do with the matter as the product of Harley Peak or Dolcoath. The property has been worked for a long time with thirty head of stamps, and we should, at least, have expected the profit-and-loss accounts for the last two years, instead of an estimate by an expert, behind which the directors can shelter themselves, whatever happens. Applicants for shares must contract themselves out of the 38th section of the Companies Act and out of the Directors' Liability Act, the company's solicitors appear to be interested in the deal, and the trustee for the company in the purchase-agreement is the secretary, and, as such, interested in the concern going to allotment. If the public are fools enough to subscribe a penny to such a company, and on such conditions, they deserve to lose their money.

BRADY'S HOTEL, LIMITED, is issuing £80,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ mortgage debentures. Whatever may be the security for this issue, we should be very sorry to lend our money upon it. We must warn our readers that so small an amount means no market, and that once in, it may be very difficult to get out. The auditors' certificate is very weak, and, even on its own showing, there is no margin. Let no one invest in these debentures and think he is getting a gilt-edged, or even a copper-edged, security.

JOHN BAZLEY WHITE AND BROTHERS, LIMITED, are issuing the £400,000 4 per cent. debentures which we mentioned a fortnight ago. But for the price of issue (105), we should strongly recommend the investment, and, even as it is, our readers may safely subscribe if they are satisfied with $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. and a security which they will probably be able to sell at a pound or two more than they gave for it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. J. C., G. F. M. I., W. J. C., and W. G.—We are obliged for your letters, and trust you have received our answers in due course.

W. C.—The interest on the Trustees and Executors A debentures is payable on April 1 and Oct. 1 in each year.

J. G. L.—We are sorry not to have seen you. We still think that to issue touting circulars for purchasers, and not to tell them that you were selling vendor's shares of your own, justifies all we said.

ELVA.—There should be no difficulty about finding the stock you want. Of your list, we prefer Millwall Dock 5 per cent. debentures, but we think you might get 4 per cent. by purchasing either of the following: Baltimore and Ohio South-Western $4\frac{1}{2}$ consolidated mortgage at about 105, Nizams State Railway 5 per cent. guaranteed stock at 125, City of Auckland 5 per cent. debentures, repayable 1934, at 114, or Industrial Trust $3\frac{1}{2}$ debenture stock at 92. We see no reason to divide so small a sum into two ventures.

O. F.—We advise you to have no dealings with the firm in question. If you look in the papers, you will see too many lawsuits in connection with their business to please us. We assure you, you will find that it pays better to deal with a respectable broker who is a member of the Stock Exchange.

ELECTOR.—We have sent you the *Investor's Review* and the invaluable *Investment Index*, and hope you have received them in due course.

A. J. Y.—(1) Hold Randfontein. (2) We hear good accounts of West Australian Exploring. (3) We should now sell Great Boulders, taking advantage of the "bear" squeeze.

SCOR.—Try the following investments for about £200 each: (1) Frank Jones Brewery debentures, which will yield, say, £10 a-year; (2) Imperial Continental Gas, £12; (3) Alabama Midland Gold Bonds, £10; (4) City of Auckland 6 per cent. 1930 bonds, £12; and make up the balance of your £1000 with Assam Railway and Trading pre-pref. shares. You will get an average of about £4 18s. per cent., with very good security.

EDITH.—How can you have been so silly? Don't waste money on lawsuits, but write it off as a bad debt.

The June supplement of Mr. Henry Sell's "Registered Telegraphic Addresses" has just appeared. By permission of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Sell is now able to state the trade or profession of firms in the alphabetical lists.